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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
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**WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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REFLECTIONS.

The Campaign

AS the great political campaign draws to a close the people become more confused as to the probable result. All the claimers are claiming most vociferously. In New York the Republicans are claiming not only Nebraska but Missouri. The Democrats are claiming New England. All the claims are devoid of rhyme or reason. They are prompted by the hopes of the claimants. But there is no clew to the silent vote. There is no doubt that Mr. Bryan's visit to New York has given the capitalists a bad fright. This is evident everywhere in the metropolis. All the Republican organs are pounding away on free silver, though Mr. Bryan did not mention it in his speeches in the metropolis. The silver "spiel" will defeat Mr. Bryan, if anything will. That is the paramount issue in New York and there's no getting away from it. Which shows that a convention cannot make a paramount issue. Paramoury is determined by the people. Mr. Bryan has made a gallant "second battle" thus far. He has not once been "tripped up. He has been, upon the whole, much more conservative than he was four years ago, but the business interests, with very few exceptions, are against him for his past, and those interests are dominant all through the East. "Bryan's election means hard times;" that is the cry, and it is of huge effect with the workingmen. A man who ventures a prediction as to an election takes desperate chances of losing his reputation for sagacity, yet every man has an opinion. Mine is that Mr. Bryan cannot carry New York State and that his chance is mighty slim in Indiana and Illinois, while he is very apt to lose some of the States he carried four years ago. Silver will beat him, for he said that there could be no good times under the gold standard, and the good times have been in evidence for a long time. The Trust issue seems to be fizzling out, and that was the Democracy's main hold. In the Eastern States, Imperialism is hardly discussed at all, outside of editorial columns. All the big college presidents have come out for the Administration—Eliot, Hadley, Schurman. The crowd is not much interested in the election, so far as getting out and howling are concerned, but the registration is enormous in every State in the Union. That means a landslide. To me the chances seem most favorable for a landslide to Mr. McKinley, in spite of the claims of Croker, Senator Jones, Gov. Stone, Col. Wetmore and others. The campaign comes to an end with Croker easily the first leader of the Democracy after Mr. Bryan. Not John Kelly himself attained such prominence as a hobnobber with possible Presidents as Croker. Croker has been recognized by Mr. Bryan and is spokesman for Mr. Bryan. This is funny, for Croker represents about everything against which Bryanism is supposed to be a protest—corporation-corruption, crooked elections, slum-influence, plug-uglies and shake-downers. The combination of Croker and Bryan may help the latter in New York, but will never help him in the West.

Robert E. Lee

A WILD howl has been made against admitting General Robert E. Lee's name to the Hall of Fame. The New York Sun says Lee was a traitor, that he broke his oath as a soldier, to take up arms against the country he had sworn to defend against all attack whatsoever. What folly! There can come no profit from such discussion. General Lee may have been a traitor technically, but the reunited country recognizes a difference in his case, and in fact in the case of the Confederacy. There certainly was an issue as to the right of secession. There was an open question and it took a war to settle it. There was a principle at stake and Lee and other Confederates followed

their principles. There can have been no treason, looking back at the matter now, in men standing in arms for the rights of the States. They had a decided advantage in the logic of abstract Democracy. So far as admitting General Lee's name for enrollment in the Hall of Fame is concerned, it may be said that this Nation can afford to recognize the great Confederates just as Great Britain recognizes the great ones on either side of the Wars of the Roses, as France recognizes impartially her kings, Napoleon, the revolutionaries, as England alike honors Stuarts who were worthy of it, Cromwell who slew a Stuart, and the Hanoverians who came later. General Lee was a great American, a great soldier, a splendid man. There is nothing but bitter-hearted bigotry in attacking his memory now. To exclude his name from the roll of American immortals would be to obliterate all memory of Grant's words, "Let us have peace." The South is American. Its leaders in war with the North were Americans. Several of them were great Americans. Let us honor them.

China

ECHOES of the Chinese imbroglio continue to make themselves heard amid the din of the election, but the attempt to make this country responsible for Chinese stubbornness is ridiculous. The United States has acted on the square and in exact conformity with its professions of determination not to participate in conquest, from the beginning. The German Emperor is piqued that his little scheme for glory has not developed to his satisfaction. The United States simply has refused to play into the hands of Germany, or into the hands of England either. Of course the action of this country has proved advantageous to Russia, but that could not well be helped. Russia had secured control of China long before the Boxer uprising and it was impossible that this country should endeavor to do anything to undermine Russian influence. That was no concern of ours. Neither is it any concern of ours to say what reparation China shall make to other Nations. We shall make our own demands and enforce them. The other Nations must take care of their own affairs. The Administration has come out of the Chinese affair handsomely, up to date. There may be a recrudescence of the trouble after the election, but it is not likely that it will amount to more than a spirited demand for a prompt settlement of our claims. It will be good business and in accordance with the fitness of things to get our claims settled first. And when the Powers have had their will of China, this country can come forward and take some of the profit by virtue of the agreement as to "the open door."

Irish Warriors

I SEE that Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, has entered protest against the imprisonment in Ceylon of Irish-Americans captured in arms in the Boer camps. Now, why Irish-Americans, captured fighting against England, should not be punished as well as Boers fighting against England, passes all human comprehension. The Irish-Americans who volunteered to fight with the Boers took their lives and liberties in their hands. They may be Americans, but they were in arms against England. They are impudent in appealing for American support after engaging in an act of war against another country. We do not hear that the French or German governments protest against the punishment of men of those countries caught in the Boer camps. People who go to war should accept the fortunes of war. The people who fought with the Boers were, in effect, Boers, and as prisoners of war are entitled to exactly as much consideration as captured Boers, no more. When their friends claim special clemency for such men, who sought a place in a quarrel that originally was none of

theirs, the claim becomes absurd to the last degree. On the same principle the United States should make demand for reparation from England for the Americans killed in battle on the Boer side. Singling out Irish-Americans for better treatment than other Americans, or even the Boers themselves, is something that the Secretary of State would smile at, if it were not just before election.

American Nobility

IN all ways the American nobility ape the nobility of Europe. In New York one from the West feels more and more the growth of the customs of the nobility. The butlers, and valets, and swell coachman, and tigers, are amazingly frequent. Along Fifth Avenue the equipages of an afternoon display many coats of arms. At the clubs the English accent is prevalent. English fashions in clothes are affected everywhere. And the young men of the old families have taken to the habit of marrying impossible people. "Jim" Roosevelt, Jr., a distant relative of the superlatively American "Teddy," has distinguished himself by marrying a fat, aged, loud habitue of the Gotham dance halls, who rejoices in the sobriquet of "Dutch Sadie." The marriage has been recorded at the Health Office, though "Dutch Sadie," having been "seen" by the elder Roosevelt, declares that she is not married. "Jim" put \$5,000 into the furnishing of a flat for "Dutch Sadie," and had his name on a brass plate over the bell. As young Roosevelt is a descendant of the Astors, and the Astors are "all the mustard" in New York, his performance is a real "social sensation." His case is interesting, because it shows the effects of rearing children in luxury. This young man was no good at college or anywhere else. Six years ago his father applied to the courts for permission to expend \$15,000 per year upon the young man. Judge Barrett heard the case and listened patiently to the presentation of the theory that such a sum was necessary to maintain the boy in the position of life to which he was entitled. Then the Judge rendered a decision, slating the applicants for their request. He said that only harm could come of rearing youths in such fashion. Youths should be raised, he said, to practice prudence and economy and industry, and he cut the award in two. So this young fellow, with nothing in the world to do, has been living at the rate of more than \$7,500 per year. He is just about twenty-one years old, and has gone the pace that "Dutch Sadies" so ably set. What Judge Barrett said six years ago has been justified by the events of the last two years. Young Roosevelt is a moral and physical wreck, as the result of the family fortune. Yet all around New York other young men are spending annually five times as much money in the same way, and supporting thousands of "Dutch Sadies." Then we wonder that the old families have degenerated in their later representatives. With so many "kids" like Roosevelt cultivating delirium tremens, locomotor ataxia, paresis, and "Dutch Sadies," it is no wonder American girls look abroad for husbands, even if it be to fare worse. The case of young Roosevelt only serves to make us all more grateful for the other Roosevelt, for Theodore. He is the sort of man that redeems the American aristocracy. There are others like him, though we don't hear of them very often. Cases like "Jimmy" Roosevelt's show us, too, why there should be as heavy a tax as possible on inheritances. Anything to cut them down should be welcomed, because of the tendencies of inheritances to ruin young men. The securest fortune in the United States, the one most surely tied up and most steadily crescent, is that of the Astors, and look at what it produces—William Waldorf Astor, a man without a country, a Mrs. Coleman Drayton, a Jimmy Roosevelt. It all comes from imitation, more or less perfect, of the English practice of entail.

The Church In Politics

CATHOLICISM is playing no small part in politics in this campaign. But the anti-Catholics are in the melee, too. The Catholics are said to be lining up against the President because he hasn't done the right thing by the orders in the Philippines, and Cuba, and Porto Rico. They are

alleged to feel that the new government of the islands not only ignores the Catholic influence, but suppresses it. The Catholic orders in the Philippines have been inextricably mixed up with the details of government and the United States authorities have not gone to the trouble to confirm the orders in their privileges, perquisites and powers. Therefore the Catholic dignitaries are supposed to be hostile to Mr. McKinley. They are said to have a big swing in Tammany Hall. They are supposed to be quietly directing Catholics how to vote in the close States. It is remarkable how quiet Archbishop Ireland, a staunch Republican, has been. On the other hand the Evangelicals are thought to be hostile to the Administration because it has catered too much to the Catholic sentiment in the Philippines. Many Protestant preachers felt that the irruption of the United States into the Philippines was a divinely directed stroke at the Scarlet Woman of Revelations. They thought that the islands were to be rescued immediately from "Popish superstition" and the remnants of the Inquisition. The priors were to be driven out and the nuns deported. None of these things was done. The Jesuits got control of Mr. McKinley. The Church held on to its own and more than its own in the Philippines. The Administration was doing nothing for the expansion of the reformation in the archipelago. Consequently the Evangelicals have seen nothing for themselves in the islands. They fear that Rome will capture Washington, as one of the first things the Filipinos will do to us. They think that President McKinley is hypnotized by Catholics like Justice McKenna and "Dick" Kerens of Missouri. They think that Webster Davis, A. P. A., found out the plot and quit his job. Therefore, many of the anti-Catholics are against Mr. McKinley. Father Phelan, of St. Louis, probably the ablest Catholic cleric without a mitre in the United States, maintains, by indirection, that the rebellion in the Philippines is a Masonic rebellion, and that the church's best interests will be furthered by its suppression. Which should turn many Freemasons from support of the President. There is a little truth in all these things. The Administration is trying to please all sides of the case, with the usual result. But it is not likely that the election will be decided by religious convictions or prejudices. The importance of the religious problem in the Philippines has not yet dawned on the people. In two years from now, however, the sects will be clamoring against Rome and the Catholics against the sects in the Philippines and we shall have come in truth close to religio-political battle. It will require almost superhuman ingenuity to settle the religious issues in the Philippines without dispossessing the friars and without confirming them in their ancient grasp of the islands and the people. This problem is the one thing almost grave enough to make one believe it might be a good thing to haul down the flag in Luzon.

The Coal Strike

THE unsettled coal strike is beginning to tell on the people, in the way in which all such affairs usually tell. The public always get the worst of it. The operators have raised the price 50 cents per ton, which, on a total coal production of 48,000,000 tons would make the tax upon the country larger by \$24,000,000. The advance in miners' wages, as practically agreed upon, will cost the operators only about \$4,000,000. This leaves the operators an excess profit of clean \$20,000,000. And in the face of such result there are those who cannot see how the interests of all the people would be protected by providing for compulsory arbitration of differences between employers and employees. The big strike so invariably works out to the benefit of the great concerns against which strikes are directed that almost anyone may be forgiven for harboring a suspicion that the big strikes are ordered by men in the pay of the big concerns. The strikers never get anything for lost time. The men who strike usually do not get their jobs back. New men usually profit by the increased wages. The concerns struck against always boost prices

so as to make up for lost sales, increased wages, closed works. The public is mulcted every time, not only in that it pays increased prices, but because in every big strike all the great industries are made to suffer, and men are thrown out of work hundreds or even thousands of miles away from the scene of the strike. Every strike is a calamity, worse than a cyclone or a battle. The different States should pass laws enforcing arbitration and then the United States should pass a law that would cover the interstate phases of the strike- nuisance. Strikes are social and economical battles on the guerilla order. They are business riots and manufacturing sieges. Such warfare, irresponsible warfare, within the body politic should be suppressed as rigorously as feudists are suppressed when they imperil the peace and safety of their neighbors. The rights of the people at large are more important than the rights of either Capitalists or Trades Unionists.

Rival Nabobs

NOTHING interests the multitude in Gotham like the wars between the moneyed nabobs. Just at present the fight is on between W. C. Whitney and James R. Keene. Keene has always been interested in racing, through his son, Foxhall. Whitney's son recently went in for sport and he and his father have accumulated a fine stable. Whitney determined to go in for racing honors and to get on the trail of Keene. Quite a short time ago Whitney's Ballyhoo Bey carried off a great race distancing, in effect, a number of Keene entries. The rivalry has naturally given play to the tale-bearer. They have told what Whitney said of Keene and what Keene said of Whitney. This caused a rankling. Keene had been in the market a long time. He is, perhaps, the most famous speculator in the world. Whitney has large Wall street interests. Keene is said to have determined to get Whitney's scalp and is credited with having been the active genius in some very brilliant raids upon the Whitney securities. Keene is believed to have helped put a crimp in Whitney on gas stock, in railway securities and in various other specialties. Keene has laid for Whitney at every turn and taken a shot at him. Whitney is naturally a bull, and Keene almost equally naturally is a bear. Therefore, they are always found opposed to one another in any given "situation" in the stock market. If Keene got mad when Whitney's horses beat his, he got no madder than Whitney when the market went the way Keene played it to go. Now that the racing season is over and there is a prospect that the stock market will be livelier after election, the two men are supposed to be mapping out plans of campaign which will materially affect speculative conditions for some time to come. Keene is probably the more experienced stock gambler, but Whitney has a strong nerve. Whitney has an immense capital pull, through his identification with the Tammany crowd, to say nothing of his Standard Oil connections, and his intimate relations with the Elkins-Widner street-car syndicate. Whitney was a good politician, and his politics being of the higher administrative sort, he is likely to be able to hold his own against Keene for some time. These men don't hate each other at all. They are simply gambling in a game in which the bets may range all the way from \$50,000 to \$5,000,000. Keene has been a good loser, having been twice broke. Whitney did not always have money and has had some reverses since he got his start. The battle between the two men will be interesting, but not the least interesting thing about it will be that in their fighting it out, they will not be the severest sufferers. Their manipulations will cause innocent people to lose money on the stocks in which the manipulations are being worked. But what do Whitney or Keene care? The people are a lot of puppets to be moved as the millionaires see fit for their own aggrandizement of wealth or for the gratification of their desire for fun.

Miss Wilkins' Romance

MISS MARY E. WILKINS is going to marry a gentleman of Metuchen, N. J. Miss Wilkins is an authoress. Her specialty is gloom, great gobs of gloom. She is a

New England realist and her favorite type of woman is the ancient, long, angular, corkscrew-curly creature who lives somewhat sourly upon a few Old Testament texts and the memory of romances that came to nothing. That Miss Wilkins has a style all persons of discernment admit, but it must be terrible for a man to propose, be accepted and finally be married to one who carries introspection to such lengths as does Miss Wilkins. The lady has done some work which, in its way, is as perfect as that of Guy de Maupassant. She has written idyllically of love, though never having, according to all accounts, experienced it. Miss Wilkins has done as well with a certain sort of love-illness as Miss Amelie Rives did with some of the dubious phases thereof, but we haven't heard the press and people rising up and demanding, as they did of Miss Rives, "how she came to know such things." And yet it is no more wonderful that the Southern girl should have "divined" the passion intuitively in one form than that Miss Wilkins should have divined it in another. Miss Wilkins knew as much in her way as did Miss Rives or Miss Wilcox, things that one would suppose could be learned only by a wider and deeper experience than necessary to furnish forth images for "poetesses of passion." But Miss Wilkins is a New Englander and her Puritan environment prevented her expressing herself. The reading world laughed a little low, chuckling laugh when Miss Rives was married and when Miss Ella Wheeler was married. But it doesn't laugh at Miss Wilkins' evident "experience." Miss Wilkins is very prim in her writing, but if one so desired, it would be no difficult task to take her books and point out the places wherein she has disclosed herself as being fully as familiar with things ladies are supposed not to be familiar with. It is my opinion that if Miss Wilkins had not succeeded early in breaking into *Harper's Magazine*, she would have become, in order to obtain a hearing, just as bold as her sisters with whom I have compared her. All these reflections concerning her marriage may be topped off with the statement that her *fiance*, Dr. Freeman, is a very clever fellow in every way, according to those who know him, and he has the best wishes of everyone who has read and enjoyed Miss Wilkins' incomparable, granite spinsters, with their grudges and their carefully smothered sentiment.

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The Harpers

I WROTE just above of the *Harper's Magazine*. That prompts the assertion that the Harper periodicals certainly do appear to be going down hill. Since it became known that Pierpont Morgan had been keeping up the concern for some years, the publications lost their grip to a large extent. The *Weekly* grew flat. The thing became an organ of the Administration. Carl Schurz used to write editorials for it. He was against the Administration and he had to go. Mr. Morgan is a large section of the McKinley syndicate. The editorials in "the *Journal of Civilization*" once written by George William Curtis, have become as radically raw as the editorials in an Indiana or Ohio paper that has been "fixed" for a campaign. The sense of fairness is absolutely missing. The cartoons are futile, impotent. They are drawn well enough, but they lack both humor and conviction, to my way of estimating them. The once great paper reminds one of the sheets that are sometimes edited by the hirelings of the National Committee. It seems to me that even E. S. Martin's department, "This Busy World," is falling off in quality. It used to be the happiest *feuilleton* in this country, but now I suspect that Mr. Martin saves his good stuff for the editorial page of *Life*; at least, the editorial page of *Life* is much like Martin's department used to be before the Harpers got into difficulties. The *Magazine* does not seem to hold its own, either, while the *Bazar* has been improved to nothingness. There are no great selling books now on the market bearing the Harper imprint. The old house, one of the most noble and ennobling traditions, does not seem ever likely to regain its prestige. The Trust magnate's identification with the house's publications killed, or has nearly killed, them all.

The reorganization of the concern contains some good men, and only one of the old Harpers, but whoever is responsible for the publishing business would do well to put a curb on the men who take an attitude towards all who do not agree with McKinley, that implies that the disagreeing ones are anarchists. As Harper's goes down, the Appletons bloom forth again, newly organized and highly capitalized. There is plenty of new blood in the concern and all the old. The firm's difficulties never were very serious, anyhow. They didn't have enough capital to enable them to wait for their collections; that was all. The Scribners hold their own handsomely in the publishing world, their reputation steadily rising in the matter of the quality of the book-making they turn out. Dodd, Mead & Co. have captured the non-conformist conscience, and many of the more sensational of the recent sellers, like Tolstoi's "Resurrection," and Corelli's "Master Christian." The Macmillan Company, however, seems to have the call on the work that is most worthy. That house stands by the fine old traditions of publishing. It never publishes a book that you wonder why it published it. It publishes many books of limited appeal, but they are books that should be published, and for the publication of which any house should be thanked by real lovers of learning. The Macmillans are in the place the Harpers once held. But all the publishers seem to be doing well. There is no hint of a let-up in the output of books. All the presses are going, and the announcements are bewildering. The publishers have recently been getting together. Just what they have been doing one not on the inside cannot say, but I venture the opinion that they are trying to contrive a scheme whereby they may be able to circumvent the department store butchers of books. The department stores, up to date, have the publishers at their mercy. They have been selling most of the books. They have therefore come to the conclusion that they can fix prices for the publishers, or go into publishing themselves,—like Wanamaker. The publishers can't stand this. It means destruction of their profits. It means the sale of only one book at a time, and that means the stoppage of presses. Possibly books may come down in price from the \$1.25 and \$1.50 average, for the publishers have got to do something to save themselves from the department stores. The department stores sell the "hits," but the bargain hunters don't care for the special books and the classics, which the small book-dealer kept in stock. If the small dealer is crushed out the publishers must eventually come to grief or give up publishing anything but popular stuff. The publishers are now wrestling with the question what to do. There are brains enough among them to enable them to discover the right thing, and to do it right.

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The Feet of The Young Men

THE feet of the young men, so valiantly sung by Rudyard Kipling, would seem to be "taking hold on hell." Elsewhere I have touched upon the case of young Roosevelt. Now comes young George Pullman in an interview which explains with great particularity how he lived with a Mrs. Bowers, as his wife, while he was separated from the young woman who was Lyn Fernald, and appeals to the public to sympathize with him in his efforts to prevent the former woman to separate him from his money by means of a divorce. The public of the effete East is supposed to take it for granted that the young man shall have his fling, and there is no public moralizing on the conditions of society that permit youngsters like Roosevelt and Pullman to flourish as they do. Only the other day it was announced that Fred Yungling, a man who, ten years ago, was a light in the wild set of New York, the son of one of the country's first millionaire brewers, had decamped from Montreal, an embezzler of a few hundred dollars from his employer. The escapades of one of the Ehret boys have made many a racy story. The sons of the men whose names are great in finance, in war, in politics, and even in religion, are going the pace in Gotham with a celerity that would dizzy London or Paris. They appear with their mistresses in public places to dine. They drive in the park

and are pointed out by fervent admirers. The actresses of the lower sort have among these men their recognized protectors. The great dry goods and jewelry establishments carry accounts for the women of the half-world that are regularly settled by the scions of the best known, self-made Americans. The town of New York is not so bestially corrupt as London or Paris, perhaps; its vices are more of the natural order, but the flaunting of those vices is something appalling to the man from the West. There are, probably, as many women off-color in New York as there are bartenders, waiters and cabmen. The city is infested by the scarlet women to a degree unimaginable by anyone who cannot get in touch with inside sources of information. The night life of New York is the life of the young man whose feet take hold on hell. And the letting loose of the young man's money is one of the things that makes for prosperity in the community. It is by catering to those who cater to the lusts of the young man that Tammany Hall holds its power. And out of the muck blossoms forth the glory of the unspeakable, ignorant, brutal Croker, a maker of Presidents. While we read of the ruin of young men of old families, we also read that Croker's son goes to Cornell in a blaze of splendor worthy of a prince. He has three famous dogs of as many different breeds. He has several traps for his special use. His rooms are dreams of luxury. The papers revel in descriptions of them. He is a more important figure in the eye of the mob than President Schurman of the College that young Croker graces by his presence. Twenty years ago, Croker, Senior, was a plug-ugly, extra deputy sheriff, doing odd jobs, and noted as an election-day scrapper. Now he is the associate of millionaires and Cabinet officers and a candidate for President, boastful of his personal purity, publicly praises this man whose money and power have all come from his rake-off on the wages of sin. What morality could one expect in a city that recognizes and has such a ruler? Croker has talked for the young man, has pleaded that he be given a chance. Well, Croker gives it him. Croker keeps the town wide open and gives the young man a chance to ruin himself by gambling, to drink himself to death, to parade himself in public with his Molls. Croker's success is the most infamous thing in America, not excepting even the success of Joseph Pulitzer, who has debauched journalism to its present low estate.

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Revolution

THE other day I sat in the sub-treasury building and talked with one of the most distinguished financial officers of the Government, a man regarded as an authority not only upon the finances, but upon all the phases of government. His talk was "revolution." He did not think that the revolution was coming if Bryan were to be elected. In fact, he said that he felt there was no particular danger to the country in Mr. Bryan's election. He is a famous gold bug, but he said that he did not fear that Mr. Bryan would do anything, as President, that would paralyze business. The revolution was coming, he said, if McKinley should be triumphantly re-elected. The revolution would be brought about by the growth of privilege, by the great hold obtained by favoritism in this country, by the syndicates and trusts. This man, about to become the head of a great bank, said frankly that he favored the use of the taxing power to the last extremity to check the syndicate evil and destroy the vice of over-capitalization. He said the Supreme Court's decision on the income tax was an outrage. He talked along these lines,—there in the sub-treasury—to myself and Mr. Whidden Graham,—until I thought that I was was listening to a Western calamity-howler. This gentleman is no dreamer. He is a man solely devoted to facts and figures. He would vote for McKinley, of course, but it was plain that it was only as a choice of evils. And in other Wall Street offices that I invaded I found not only many men who were to vote for Mr. McKinley because they didn't like to unsettle business but many who were going to vote for Mr. Bryan. It is my belief that there is a stronger Bryan sentiment in what is known as the plutocratic district of New York, than the

McKinley managers, or even the Bryan managers, are aware. The "home of the trust" contains countless foes of the trust. The wealthy men have begun thinking of other things than their wealth. Mr. Bryan has made them think, and the unrest of the people at large is reaching into the headquarters of the millionaires. Wall Street's own organ, the *Evening Post*, edited by the man who does the main thinking for most of the editors of the United States, Mr. Horace White, has been paying Mr. Bryan such compliments as, four years ago, would have lost the paper, in one day, nine-tenths of its regular subscribers. It looks, to me, as if the next election, being a Republican victory, will be the last victory of that party. It looks, to me, as if the people regard Mr. McKinley as only better than Bryan. It looks to me, too, as if Col. Theodore Roosevelt is not the hero to the East that he is to the West, though I remember the prophet in his own country. If it were not for the threat of free silver, Bryan would carry New York as Cleveland carried it against Folger. I don't think that Mr. Bryan will carry New York, but he has given the people of the State a mental fillip that will produce good results hereafter, so sure as the fact that I have met a man of national note in the sub-treasury, talking "treason against property," and supporting the theory that the people have rights which the tariff beneficiaries and the trust promoters should respect.

Wilson and Warner

THE recent deaths of W. L. Wilson and Charles Dudley Warner remove from American life two forces that were powerful for good. Mr. Wilson was a man whose character and attainments sweetened politics. He was a thinker of fine thoughts and his acts were in accord with high Republican and Democratic ideals. He was somewhat of a scholar in politics, and his example cannot be lost, unless the Good is in hopeless conflict with the Evil. Mr. Warner stood for pure journalism without priggishness. He was a graceful writer and his pen produced nothing that the justest morality could assail. His novels are charming and distinctively American. His essays reveal a truly cultured man. His name is identified with every good movement of National scope that was projected since he attained his majority. Mr. Wilson represented the South, Mr. Warner the North. They represented the very best there is in thought and sentiment and general manhood in both sections. While such men can be, the Republic can never die.

Wealth

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S income, as stated in the Republican Philadelphia Press, of last Sunday, is \$42,290,000 per year. This is \$164,393 per day. Now Mr. Rockefeller undoubtedly is a business genius, and indisputably he expends much of his money in a good cause, though I am not disposed to admire the sort of education that the Chicago University threatens us with. But is an income of \$164,393 per day for one man a good thing for the country? There are other men in the country whose income is nearly as much—men like Carnegie and Clark of Montana. Must not any man reading the figures have misgivings about the power of wealth in such hands. We know what Rockefeller has done to ruin rivals. We know fairly well how Carnegie has held up the business of the country in the matter of iron and steel prices. We know how Clark bought his Senatorship. We know that the smaller fry of Midases imitate these larger fish. We must know that such wealth is corrupting. But what are we to do about it? One thing we must do eventually, and that is revise the laws relating to corporations. Steadily the courts have swung into line in support of the corporations. Not necessarily corruptly, but because of a too great emphasis upon the idea of the sanctity of property and the idea that the Government shall not restrict a man's dealings within the law. The corporation has grown too great and it is an intangible but fully protective shield for the men composing it to do things they might hesitate to do as individuals. The man with an income of \$164,393

per day should be protected in his rights, of course, but the danger is that his wealth enables him to get more than his rights and by invading the rights of others. Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna should discipline the Republican Philadelphia Press for printing such facts thus late in the campaign.

Golf

WITHOUT a doubt the game of golf has captured this country as no game ever captured it before. On the suburban trains in and out of cities like New York and Philadelphia, on Saturdays and Sundays, the number of men in golf suits, carrying golf paraphernalia, is something amazing. Looking out of the train windows one would think that every acre of available ground is converted into links. There are more golf links than there are Trusts in New Jersey. The people talk golf more than ever they talked base ball or racing. When you know and care nothing about "tees" and "brassies" and "cleeks" and "mashies" and all that, the golf language becomes something hideous to the ear. But one thing is certain, and that is that the game is a good thing for getting people into the open air and that it gets people into the open air, in the East, who have long been in grave danger of cultivating exotic vices owing to confinement and ennui. Golf has come as a great relief to those wealthy people who have complained that there is nothing to do in this country to amuse oneself, as the complaint was made the other day by a member of the 400. Just now the golferettes, the female golfers, are worse than the others. They get you in a corner and tell you of Miss Frances Griscom's wonderful play, how she soundly defeated Miss Beatrix Hoyt and then did up Miss Georgiana Bishop, of Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Griscom is a Philadelphian and you'd think, to hear Philadelphians talk, that the next thing we know they'll be taking that big William Penn statue off the City Hall and putting a statue of Miss Griscom, in the act of "teeing off," in its place. Philadelphia is pretty nearly as daffy about Miss Griscom as Toledo, Ohio, was the other day when the whole town quit business, turned out *en masse*, got up a carnival parade and went marching around town to greet the return of a famous horse that had done big things on the track. From all accounts Miss Griscom is a wonderful golf-player, more wonderful in her way than Vardon, the English champion. There are some hundreds of golfers in St. Louis and they ought to arrange a match for some St. Louis lady with the fair Philadelphian. If the gentle reader could only be in Philadelphia and note the towering pride of the quasi-Quakers over Miss Griscom and the performances of the Pennsylvania foot-ball team, he or she would fervently pray for something to take them down.

Sayers in the East

GOVERNOR SAYERS, of Texas, has been in the East. He came on to preside over a great bazaar arranged by the New York Journal for the benefit of the children orphaned by the Galveston disaster. Governor Sayers has made, to all appearances, a most excellent impression. He hasn't said much, but what he has said has been to the point. He talked in New York and Philadelphia, but he didn't talk politics. His statements concerning the need of more money were very effective. He anticipates a very bitter winter in Galveston, and he thinks that the plight of many people who were in comparative affluence before the catastrophe will be truly pitiful. Up to the date of his departure from Texas the contributions to the relief of suffering in Galveston had reached a total of \$700,000, but the Galveston losses were such that this sum represents practically nothing in comparison. Something more must be done by the people for Galveston and, doubtless, it will be done as a result of the little speeches Governor Sayers makes on his stops *en route* home.

As to St. Louis

IT was in Philadelphia that I met a man who actually had heard of the St. Louis World's Fair—but he thought the Fair was going to be held at Toledo. The country to

the east of St. Louis is densely ignorant of the St. Louis World's Fair. Nothing has been done to advertise it, absolutely nothing. Nothing is done to show that St. Louis is on the map. I have been away from St. Louis now for more than sixteen days, and in all that time I have not seen a single dispatch from St. Louis, in any paper, in any city through which I have passed—no special dispatches, no Associated Press dispatches. I know there is an Associated Press office in St. Louis. I have been in it and I venerate its superintendent, Major Charles Osborne, but where do the dispatches go that are sent out of the St. Louis office? They go to Chicago first. Are they all killed there? One would think that St. Louis, a city of 575,000 people, was a coal or water-tank station. And you can't find St. Louis papers without a microscope. You can get Chicago papers, Cincinnati papers, San Francisco papers, Kansas City papers, New Orleans papers at almost any good hotel news-stand, but ask for a St. Louis paper and the man behind the counter looks at you as if you were an idiot—which you are, to ask such a question. If it were not for Anheuser-Busch beer, I doubt if the people east of the Alleghenies would know there was such a city as St. Louis. You are actually asked, when you reveal your identity, and the place of your emanation, if you've ever been through Busch's brewery or if you've ever been to Tony Faust's. All of which, I say again, means that the expenditure of \$15,000,000 on a World's Fair in St. Louis would be a good thing for the town if not a dollar dividend were ever declared. The city of St. Louis needs something of the sort to attract people to the place. Every wealthy man, who leaves St. Louis, for the summer, must have struck the same ignorance of the city as I have struck on this and every other occasion when I leave, and it is absolutely inconceivable how so many of them have been holding back and refusing to subscribe. St. Louis and the World's Fair need a press bureau and a good one, but St. Louis needs much more than that: it needs a general development of public spirit that will do things that the press bureau can write about. And the St. Louis newspapers, that are members of the Associated Press, should see what it is that prevents the appearance of any St. Louis news in papers in the East. The World's Fair Committee might do well also to delegate Mr. Fred Lehmann, attorney for the Associated Press, to see the Executive Committee of that body and find out why St. Louis news always goes to the waste-basket in the Chicago office.

Ireland Speaks

IN an earlier part of this letter I have intimated that Archbishop Ireland has been suspiciously silent concerning his position in the present campaign. I see by a Sunday paper that he is out for McKinley. The declaration comes late. Furthermore, it comes as if it were forced. Again, it does not convince us that the Archbishop wishes to do more than assert that he remains, as of old, a Republican. Certainly his words do not constitute a clarion call such as might have been expected. It is in order now for Archbishop Corrigan to come out for Bryan and Tammany Hall, for it is generally understood that Archbishop Corrigan bears about the same relation to Tammany that Archbishop Ireland bears to the McKinley kitchen cabinet. Though both men declare themselves, however, and though I admire them both, I am reminded, here, in Philadelphia, that a word from the Archbishop of this city would be of more weight than that of every other Roman prelate in the country. Archbishop Ryan is the best local ecclesiastic of the Catholic faith in this land. He is not a political prelate. He is an orator and much of a saint, though an ever cheerful one. The opinion of such a man, not addicted to political dabbling, on the relations between the church and this country in the Philippines, would carry immense weight with the Catholics East and West—but with all his simplicity Archbishop Ryan is too wise to say the word.

Authors

MARK TWAIN is coming back to America. Henry James is not coming back. Nobody cares what James does.

He has become utterly unintelligible in his recent literary productions. He refines his style so much that he refines all the sense out of it, and his psychologizing bewilders even those people to whom Browning is as clear as crystal. The British fog has gotten into his head and into his ink-bottle, and his work is much like that in Whistler's picture of Battersea bridge in moonlight, of which the learned judge inquired which was the bridge and which was the moonlight. But Twain returns to a people that has learned to appreciate him the better for his absence. Twain has grown in intellectual stature. He is more than the humorist he was. He is a philosopher, a cheerful philosopher; a man who has given us a saner view of life. Twain, who was little more than a mere joker, is now a literary figure. Moreover, what little we have heard of him since his leaving us, has heightened our regard for him as a kindly, cosmopolitan man. He has paid his debts by hard work, just like Walter Scott did in like case. Mark Twain comes very near to representing the best sort of Americanism, that is Americanism unobscured or rendered priggish by "culture," and it is certain that when he comes back to us we shall not let him go away again.

Trying to Read a Book

MR. ANDREW LANG once wrote an article on books that he had tried to but could not read. All of us have our own lists of such books, books that our friends tell us are fine and even great. The latest addition to the writer's list is Henry Harland's, "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." The story has been rapturously belauded by distinguished critics without number. And here am I, who flattered myself I could read anything, including my own stuff, can't get beyond page 98. The book is wearisomely talky. The hero and the heroine, so far as I had got before being hopelessly "stalled," seem to be always trying to say bright things, and never saying them. The humor of the hero is almost painfully thin, and the coyness of the pretty widow is conventionally transparent. The book simply will not "go" with me, and I give it up in despair. I feel that I can say this with perfect ease of conscience, inasmuch as the volume I put away is not a review copy, but one bought on the recommendation of the critics. I am told the book "is much better towards the end." Unfortunately, I do not read books backward.

Uncle Fuller.

CHINA'S ONLY HOPE.

AS IT APPEARS TO VICEROY CHANG CHIH-TUNG.

Forty-five years ago Commodore Perry with two or three American war-ships knocked at the gates of Japan and obtained admittance to a land which had been closed to Western nations for two hundred years. The result was the awakening of the Land of the Dawn to Western civilization and progress. It is almost inevitable that the crisis in China, in which the United States with other civilized Nations is immediately concerned, will have a similar result. The questions occur: Is China ready for this great awakening, the resurrection from a sleep of forty centuries? Is it possible that the vast fabric of a system of imperialism founded upon the religio-philosophic Confucian code can be modernized, or that a people sunk in the superstitions of ancestor-worship can become enlightened? These questions are answered by one of their greatest representatives, a nobleman of the highest rank, one who enjoys the confidence of the Emperor Kwang-Su as well as the esteem and respect of millions of his countrymen. His Excellency Chang Chih-tung, Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan, is the author of a book entitled "Chuen Hieh Pien," which has been done into English by the Rev. Samuel I. Woodbridge. This gentleman has not tried to give the original work *verbatim et literatim*, but has wrought, as he says, with a free hand to give the ideas rather than mere phrases. [The MIRROR is indebted to the publishers, the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, for advanced sheets of this work.]

The book was written soon after the China-Japanese war. The translator states that had the Viceroy been less powerful in men and arms he would have been decapitated

for the bold advocacy of reform exhibited in his "Appeal." He was convinced, he says, that a change in Chinese affairs was desperately necessary, and, at the same time, realized that the Chinese officials and people clung with unyielding tenacity to their ancient ideas and institutions. The Viceroy managed to steer clear between these obstacles.

"China's Only Hope" was issued in the spring of 1899. Mr. Woodbridge says "it met with such an enthusiastic and eager reception by the Chinese, that we can safely estimate the number of copies distributed at a million," and that "the book is devoured with the greatest avidity by Chinese scholars long accustomed to the dry bones of the Ancient Kings and the moribund and somniferous platitudes of Confucius." It is interesting to learn that "to its influence are, in great measure, due the bloody *coup d'état* of the Empress Dowager. The overthrow of the young Emperor, the decapitation of the patriotic members of the Reform party, and, indirectly, the awful scenes that were enacted in China during last summer represent a resilience from the ideas advocated in the Viceroy's book."

The Rev. Dr. Griffith John, who writes an introduction to Mr. Woodbridge's translation, dated from the London Mission Society's station at Hankow, claims that while Chang Chih-tung wishes to be fair in his treatment of the foreigner he doesn't always succeed, because of his defective knowledge and pardonable prejudice in favor of his own country and people, for "he is a Chinese to the backbone." The Appeal is in two parts—I. Moral, II. Practical.

A few excerpts from His Excellency's book will afford "foreign devils" the opportunity of seeing Chinese men and things as a Chinaman sees them.

In the chapter entitled "United Hearts," the Viceroy claims: "There are now three things necessary to be done in order to save China from revolution. The first is to maintain the reigning dynasty; the second is to conserve the Holy Religion; and the third is to protect the Chinese race."

In the second chapter loyalty to "Our Holy Ts'ing," (the reigning dynasty) is inculcated and reasons given therefor. Among these the curious reader notes that besides the reduction of taxes, abolition of conscription, there has been a mitigation of punishments: "The infliction of one hundred blows of the bamboo has been changed to forty and in summer to thirty-two (!)" The chapter closes with a comparison between China and the foreigners which is worthy of note:

"Although China is not so wealthy and powerful as the West, her people of whatever condition, rich or poor, high or low, all enjoy a perfect freedom and a happy life. Not so all the inhabitants of Western lands. Their governments may be strong, but the lower classes of the people are miserable, unhappy, and maliciously wronged. Their liberties are restrained, and there is no redress. They rise in rebellion on every opportunity, and not a year passes without an account of the murder of some king or the stabbing of some minister. These governments certainly cannot be compared with our China (!)"

In the third chapter the author lays down the Three Moral Obligations, viz., that "The Sovereign is the head of the Subject, the Father is the head of the Son and the Husband is the head of the Wife" and that republicanism is incompatible with these sacred tenets and that they are utterly at variance with "the prattle about a man and a woman having equal power." Yet his lordship is pleased to acknowledge that Westerners, "following the Mosaic Decalogue," place the honoring of one's parents next to that of worshiping Heaven, and that "while they make no sacrifices at the tombs of their ancestors, they repair their graves and plant flowers upon them as an act of worship."

In the chapter entitled, "The Recognition of Class," (Chap. IV.) the author speaks of the racial contention, quoting the Tso Ch'uan: "If one is not of my own nationality his heart is essentially different. The gods do not accept the oblations of an alien race," though he adds that, "our god-like Confucius said, 'Given instruction, there will be no distinction of class.'" He proceeds to show the belligerent spirit of the Caucasian race "stripped for a fight and ever striving to escape destruction." While "China has, for the past fifty years, proved herself almost irreclaimably stupid," her people believing that "the old order of things would suffice for dangerous times," there were others who have "begun to arouse themselves for their country's deliverance. Still another class, lacking in

patriotism, 'regardless of the welfare of the country, hold that if China is partitioned by foreigners it will not affect their wealth and position. And so they take advantage of the crisis to fill their own pockets, in order to form partnerships with foreigners when the crash comes.'

He proceeds to show that Asiatics conquered by the white race are never allowed independence, citing as proof India, Annam, Burmah, etc., and relates an incident of some interest:

"Not many years ago a certain Chinese official absconded with about half a million in gold of public funds. He placed this sum in a German bank. Dying soon after, the bank thereupon cancelled the account and kept this sum for themselves, giving only a small interest to the relatives of the deceased."

He concludes the chapter with an aphorism worthy of the true patriot: "A sensible man will not repudiate his country because, forsooth! there are some things in it that he does not like."

Mr. Woodbridge has not translated Chapter V., which treats of "Honor Due the Classics," rightly deeming that the subject-matter would be of no interest to Western readers.

Chapter VI., on "The Centralization of Power," is devoted to a defense of the empire as against a republican form of government. He says that only the enemies of China talk in favor of a republic, and cites the days of the French Revolution to show what perils result from the perverted idea of liberty.

Under the head of "The Proper Sequence of Things," (Chapter VII.), Chang Chih-tung urges that while "it is absolutely necessary that we should utilize Western knowledge, unless Chinese learning is made the basis of education, and a Chinese direction given to thought, the strong will become anarchists, and the weak, slaves."

Chapter VIII., "Attending to What is Vital," is a continuation of the subject, favoring Confucian studies as the basis for Western learning. The concluding chapter of the first part of the Viceroy's book treats of the opium habit, the curse of China. His proposed remedy, learning the evils of the vice, appears to one rather weak and ineffectual.

Part II of the "Appeal" consists of eleven chapters in which the Viceroy proposes various practical reforms of which the following is an abbreviated summary:

"Beneficial Knowledge," the subject of Chapter I, is a plea for an awakening from the conservatism of old customs, putting away all that is "Wang" (empty form) and getting rid of "Keu" (drifting, slipshod methods) for, he says, "If we do not change soon what will become of us?"

"Travel" as a means of education is treated of in Chapter II and "Education" in Chapter III, though the distinguished author still insists on the study of Confucianism as the foundation of wisdom. Chapter IV is a continuation of the educational subject, and Chapter V on "Extensive Translation of Books" proposes, among other features, "requiring the Ministers and Consuls abroad to translate the important books of the country in which they reside into Chinese," a rather large order, one would imagine.

It speaks volumes for the Viceroy's progressiveness that he endorses the modern newspapers, even when they freely criticize China and her people. "Is it wise to be angry? Ought we not to court the acquaintance of those who frankly tell us our faults?" This is the theme of Chapter VI. Chapter VII deals with the "Reform of Methods," in which the author shows how reforms can be introduced. "Railways" are warmly advocated in Chapter VIII. He truly says: "The whistle of the train will wake the echoes and dispel the doubts of the Conservatives. . . . The whole country will become really ours, and China will become one great united family, with no fear of famine or war." Of Chapter IX, which deals with "Comparative Study," little can be said, except that in it the author cherishes the hope of "putting new wine into old bottles," by implanting modern learning and methods on antiquated Confucian principles. For China to maintain her treaty rights the Viceroy argues for a great army and a powerful navy both formed on modern plans, the text of Chapter X being, "Troops are to the country what breath is to the body." The plea for "Religious Toleration," in the last chapter (XI), is a sensible defence of Christianity and a

denial of the superstitious slanders circulated by the priests against missionaries.

Thus Chang Chih-tung, Viceroy of Hupek and Hunan, makes his statement of "China's Only Hope." It will be noted that his ideas of reform are circumscribed by his environment and that he sees through a glass darkly the future of his country. But his book cannot fail of having a great influence on his countrymen, assisting those who are of the progressive party and arousing the conservatives from their condition of "Wang."

Mr. Woodbridge deserves the thanks of all for his admirable translation of this interesting work, which forms a valuable and timely addition to the bibliography of the Chinese question. It is handsomely printed and the portrait of the Viceroy makes an appropriate frontispiece.

MR. PAGE'S LATEST NOVEL.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN OF THE BLACK STOCK.

IF one were to suggest a single peculiarity of the style of Thomas Nelson Page it might well be a simplicity, or directness—the art of "making a long story short"—to use a hackneyed phrase. In his romance of "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," for instance, this characteristic is to be noted. The hero who tells the story of how he wooed *Elizabeth Dale* is not named. As a nameless hero he is, naturally, modest and tells of the chances and mischances of the course of his true love in a downright, sincere manner that carries the reader sympathizingly with him. As for the heroine, one falls in love with her from her first appearance in the dry goods store and keeps on till the end. There is, of course, a gentleness or womanliness about Mr. Page's heroine that is anything but fashionable in the calorific novel of to-day. The heroine of the day is a lady who is forceful and assertive. *Elizabeth*, on the contrary, is a gentle-woman, of the kind referred to by the poet:

"When care and sickness read the brow
A minstrel's ring angel thou!"

Basham Miles, the "old gentleman" of the title-role, is a capital portrait, one might say a realistic sketch, of a type of character that is met with now and then in old New England's cities. His life story is one that, being told to the young lover, hardly needs the moral he appends: "Young man, Domestic happiness is worth all the Fame in the world!" The literary criticisms of *Basham Miles* may well be those of the author: "When you find a sincere man in a book, sir, cherish him. He is like a sincere man in life: you know him at once and he is *rara avis*. The old ones were sincere. There was something in the time that made men sincere. Shakespeare, of course, because he knew the Human Soul and could not help it. It was as if he had stood face to face with God and dared not tell anything but Truth. Milton was sincere because he was a fanatic; Bacon because he was too wise not to be." So, too, according to Mr. Page (or his *Mr. Miles*) Johnson, Goldsmith and Wordsworth—a strange trinity, one would think, were always sincere, because "they had a high idea of their profession as poets and preachers must have." As regards Emerson and Carlyle, while their sincerity is acknowledged the Scot he dislikes. "He is always ill-tempered and sour, and is forever sneering at others. He is Jeremiah without his inspiration or his occasion. He is not a gentleman, sir, and has never forgiven either the world or himself for it." This critic opines that while Carlyle writes "vigorously" yet "it is not English. I do not know what to term it. It was a trick with him, a part of his pedantry. But when I want acerbity I prefer Swift." Of Emerson, who is ranked by him as "the first American literary man," he says: "He is a kindly man, and has 'wrought in a sad sincerity.' But he preaches too much for me, and he is all texts. When I want preaching I go to church." And, finally, of the church the "old gentleman's" views are such as will not lack of appreciation by the orthodox. He says: "The Pulpit has lost its power, sir; thrown away its prerogative—the gift of preaching. The Clergy no more preach with power, because they no more believe with strength. They find many of the old dogma undermined and worthless, and think the whole structure is tottering. So they set to work to build up the entire fabric anew. They waste their puny strength laying a few sticks about the foundation. They do not apprehend that deep

down lies the solid rock unshaken, and that on this alone Man's spiritual nature craves to rest. The Roman Church knows this. It is wise, for it is the garner-house of experience." Of the fashionable *ennuied* lack of feeling he of the Black Stock has this commentary: "You cannot get a man nowadays to tell you what he really feels or thinks. Feeling has gone out of fashion. Every one is trying to repress his feeling and he does not think at all. Convention has taken the place of Originality. Why, sir, we are all trying to say what we think our neighbor thinks."

There is a virile force in *Mr. Miles'* comments on men and things that will please Mr. Page's public, for he has a large and considerable following. At the same time such strenuousness of views as expressed in this and other of his later books, also makes him disliked especially by the readers who dislike "purposeful novels," who (like Mr. Page's Old Gentleman) don't want their preaching elsewhere than in church. The minor characters of the book are well drawn. Mr. Page reproduces the negro dialect as a master. The edition is delightfully illustrated with full page colored drawings by Howard Chandler Christy. He has caught the spirit of the characters and eidolonized them on the reader's mind.

[Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York. Price \$1.50]

BEAUTY IN BUSINESS GIRLS.

HOW GOOD LOOKS MAY BE A HANDICAP.

"YOU ask whether good looks are a disadvantage to a girl in business," said a comely young woman who now occupies an important position in a New Orleans mercantile establishment. That is a question that has been propounded before, and in a general way I would answer yes, decidedly. A few years ago, however, when women began to enter business life in considerable numbers, the exact reverse was the case. I am still under thirty, but I remember distinctly when it was next to impossible for a homely girl to get a situation. Good looks were insisted upon in typewriters and stenographers, and merchants were then under the impression that pretty clerks brought trade. It took some time to explode that idea.

"The pretty clerks certainly attracted crowds to their counters, but they were crowds of dudes and loafers, who would buy a five-cent paper of pins and then flit away three or four dollars' worth of time, while the women, who constitute four-fifths of the patrons of all retail houses, had a strong aversion to being waited upon by a professed beauty. Moreover, no dependence was to be placed on the clerks themselves. The handsomest girls were pretty sure to be vain and 'touchy,' and when one proved really valuable she was morally certain to get married at the very time her services were most needed. So practical men began to see that pretty girls did not pay as a cold business proposition, and the same discovery was presently made at the offices. Typewriting belles made more trouble than they were worth. They demoralized their fellow employes and created no end of jealousy and bitterness and friction. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, the poor girl wasn't in the least to blame. She couldn't help being good to look at, and was probably trying her best to attend to her own affairs, but the idiotic men wouldn't let her. However, results are the only things that count in business nowadays, and a few years ago a big reaction against beauty set in.

"Since then," the young woman went on, smiling, "I am sure that the feeling has been growing steadily stronger against the pretty girl in business. But please don't misunderstand me. I am referring altogether to the girl who 'travels on her prettiness,' as the saying goes. A pretty girl who doesn't make her good looks obtrusive and who shows by her bearing that she expects to hold her position by simple hard work has just as good a chance as anybody; but, unfortunately, such girls are rare. A very attractive young woman gets so much attention and flattery that she has to be exceptionally sensible and strong-minded not to have her head turned. At present most stores prefer clerks who are plain and ladylike in their appearance and who make no pretensions to beauty. In the offices the feeling is still more pronounced, and many professional men will not engage an amanuensis unless she is downright ugly, and the older the better. Let me give you a

little illustration: 'I have a younger sister who—if I do say it who shouldn't—is a real beauty. Some time ago she learned that the president of a big Alabama corporation wanted a private secretary, and, being highly competent, she wrote, applying for the place. He answered, requesting her photograph, and we both got angry at once. My sister happened to have an old tintype that somehow or other, made her look like a perfect freak, and, as a reproof to the gentleman's frivolity, she sent that to him by return mail.

"You may imagine our surprise when he engaged her by telegraph. As it turned out, he didn't want a pretty girl, but an ugly one, and when she put in an appearance he came near backing out of his agreement. At last he told her, very gruffly, that she might try for a month, and, as she happens to have a lot of common sense, she has given great satisfaction. But that case will show you how men of affairs feel on the subject.

"There is a big store in Chicago that employs about two hundred and fifty girl clerks and used to boast openly that there wasn't one in the lot that wasn't an admitted beauty. I was in Chicago during my vacation and visited that establishment to make some purchases. Upon my word, I thought I was in an old ladies' home. The woman who waited on me was 50 if she was a day, and she had a face like a pair of nut-crackers. Of course that was going to the other extreme, but I noticed that business was something tremendous. Here in New Orleans I think they have struck the happy mean. Our large stores, contain lots of pretty girls, but the fact isn't 'featured,' as they say at the theatres. You can see at once that no importance is attached to it, and that brings me back, by the way, to the starting point. If a girl is thoroughly capable and has plenty of tact and discretion, her good looks will be no especial handicap in earning a living. Otherwise she is nowadays at a decided disadvantage, compared to the girl who is homely and industrious."

N. O. Times-Democrat.

IF THIS WERE FAITH.

GOD, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff,
And up to the buttocks in mire;
That I ask nor hope nor hire,
Nude in the husk,
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,
Nor life beyond death;
God, if this were faith?

Having felt thy wind in my face
Spit sorrow and disgrace,
Having seen thine evil doom
In Golgotha and Khartoum,
And the brutes, the work of thine hands,
Fill with injustice lands,
And stain with blood the sea:
If still in my veins the glee
Of the black night and the sun
And the lost battle run:
If, an adept,
The iniquitous lists I still accept
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good,
God, if that were enough?

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpire and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart,
To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on forever and fall, and go on again,
And be mantled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not
seen with the eyes;
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough?

Robert Louis Stevenson.

INSTRUCTION FOR LABOR.

WALTER VROOMAN'S NEW PLAN FOR EDUCATING WORKINGMEN.

WITH the establishment of headquarters at the University building, Washington Square, in New York, and the acquisition of a building and grounds for the first of their State farm schools, the Ruskin Hall movement is fairly started in the United States. Walter Vrooman, head of Ruskin Hall at Oxford, and the chief promoter of the idea in this country, has obtained at Trenton, Missouri, the old Avalon College property, and has induced the trustees of the institution to change the name to Ruskin College. This is to be regarded as the centre of the whole movement in America, and it is the intention of the promoters to establish branch institutions in every State and to perfect an elaborate system of extension lectures and correspondence instruction to supplement the regular college work. The Avalon College property just secured is worth \$40,000, and Mr. Vrooman has contributed \$30,000 to cover the expenses of the next ten years.

A considerable portion of this \$30,000, Mr. Vrooman said, was contributed by the workingmen of England in their desire to start the movement in this country. Negotiations are under way, the founder declared, to obtain the establishment of like colleges in twenty States, and he is sure that they will be opened within two years. Two "local branches" are ready to be opened, he said, at the present time, one in St. Louis and one in New York. It is the ultimate plan to locate these branches in every city of importance in the country. The faculty of the new college at Trenton has been announced, and a partial list of the extension lectures given out by Mr. Vrooman. George McA. Miller, the former President of Avalon College, has been retained as principal of the new institution.

The Rev. Jay G. Rogers will go as professor of sociology and applied science; Richard C. Norton as teacher of psychology and pedagogy in the normal department; George D. Herron as teacher of moral philosophy and applied Christianity; Frank Parsons as professor of economics and political science; Adaline Dickman Miller as teacher of English literature and history; Mary Cresswell as assistant in English; Mary W. Rodger as teacher of German and French; Kathryn Baumgardner, director of conservatory of music; H. E. Beals principal, and Edna M. Beals assistant, in the teaching of wind and stringed instruments; W. A. Rickenbrode, principal of the College of Commerce; Katherine Selsor, teacher of oratory and physical culture; Eloise W. Booth, in the department of art; Admer Dickman Miller, as teacher of stenography and typewriting, and A. H. Onderdonk in the department of mechanical arts. As lecturers to the college the following named are scheduled: J. Burritt Smith, on citizenship and principles of American law; Judge P. C. Stepp, on commercial law; R. G. Davenport, on anatomy and the care of the body; and J. F. Fair, on hygiene and sanitary diet.

Additional lecturers announced are Professor Kavanaugh, of the University of New York, J. T. Newcomb, Thomas E. Will, ex-President of the Kansas State Agricultural College, and Col. Herbert Hungerford, of New York. Eight men have been engaged to lecture to the St. Louis branch, and enough young lawyers and university students have volunteered to bring the number of lecturers in this city up to twelve.

The plan of work to be adopted, according to Mr. Vrooman, includes four distinct features. The first of these contemplates the establishment of residence colleges, like that at Trenton, where students may get a four years' course of instruction upon the payment of \$100, and giving four or five hours a day to the work that will be carried on in connection with the college. This will be, in the main, farm work, and it is the contention of the founder that this work will be no more than will serve to keep the normal student in good physical condition.

The second feature is the establishment of branches of these State Colleges in all the cities of considerable size, where classes of twenty or more workingmen may meet after their work is over for the day and get instruction from the special lecturers for three dollars a week. Under this plan it is not expected that the student will be compelled to give up any part of his daily work, but pay for

the teaching out of his regular salary and do his studying outside his regular working hours.

The third feature includes a correspondence school, designed to furnish instruction to students living in country districts, and not able to reach any of the classes or schools. Mr. Vrooman said that this would include in its curriculum all that is taught in the ordinary scientific school except the ancient languages, and would offer in addition courses in sociology and practical politics. The fee for this course will be twenty-five cents a month, and upon the completion of the regular courses a diploma will be awarded. More or less closely connected with this will be the college-extension feature. In every town and village that can be reached, "success clubs" will be organized, and the regular Ruskin Hall lecturers will be sent to them at such intervals as may be arranged. For every lecture delivered the club will pay the lecturer \$2.50, which is calculated to pay his expenses. The promoter hopes in time to do as well in the way of getting voluntary lecturers, as is done by the People's College in France, where, he said, three hundred lecturers are giving their services absolutely free.

Another plan which he is confident of carrying through is to raise an endowment fund of \$100,000 to be given out as loans to 1,000 young men who cannot afford to pay the \$100 each necessary to secure a four years' course in a resident college. To insure the repayment of this loan when the student leaves college it is proposed to take a mortgage on his character, regular blanks for that purpose having been prepared already. With the repayment of the loans, it is proposed to make this a perpetual, continuing fund to educate, as time goes on, thousands and thousands of deserving young men.

At the meeting of the American Federation of Labor, to be held at Denver in December, Mr. Vrooman expects to present the result of his efforts to establish the Ruskin Hall movement, and to ask that body to take over the official management of the movement, with the assistance of the heads of the institutions already established. He said that, inasmuch as the labor unions of England have officially endorsed the plan and contributed to its propagation in this country, the Federation of Labor will consent.

Although not yet officially allied to the movement, two of its strongest supporters in this country are Edward W. Bemis, formerly of Chicago University, and John R. Commons, once a professor at Syracuse University in this State. Both of these men severed their connection with the universities named on account of disagreements with the faculties on economic questions. Mr. Bemis has just returned from a three-months' stay in England, where he has been studying labor movements and trades-unionism. While there he investigated Ruskin Hall at Oxford, and declares himself convinced that the idea is a good one. Mr. Vrooman, who is contributing so liberally to the movement in the United States, gave the money necessary to establish the hall at Oxford, and carry it on for the first five years.

Concerning the need for a distinct institution for the laboring men, Mr. Vrooman has authorized this statement:

"We believe that when you separate man from labor during the formative period of his life you irreparably spoil his mind. There is a popular understanding that we claim to give a cheap education. It is true that we cut down the cost of a year's schooling in Oxford from \$1,000 a year to \$100, and thus placed an education within the reach of all, but our real achievement was the fact that we furnished a \$1,000 education for \$100, while they were furnishing a \$100 education for \$1,000. When the physical basis is neglected the education is incomplete. The old system at Oxford crammed the memories and did nothing else. They took healthy men and converted them into book-worms. They made librarians, linguists, mathematicians, and professional translators of ancient languages. We prefer to turn out leaders, inventors, and creators. Not a single man that has given us modern civilization was ever deformed by a university. Go over the list yourself; Watt, who gave us the steam engine; Stephenson, who gave us the locomotive; Fulton, who gave us the steamship; Franklin, who revealed the identity of lightning; Edison, who has applied electricity so well; Morse, of telegraph fame; Priestley, Faraday, Herschel, and other scientists; or take Christopher Columbus, Oliver Cromwell, and Abraham Lincoln. These men had the faculties of initiative, invention, and courage, all of which are uprooted by the Eastern and European universities. I do not object to a

man studying anything on earth if he can show how he can utilize it in his career in life."

TRUSTS AND CORPORATIONS.

THE BEST WAY TO REGULATE THEM.

(For the MIRROR.)

THERE is now a great ado about trusts and monopolies. The two great political parties are openly accusing each other of bad faith in regard to this matter. Some of the recriminations and strictures are rather amusing, and constitute nothing but a play to the galleries. Governor Roosevelt is taunting his political opponents with references to the ice trust, while Col. Bryan retorts with the assertion that most of the directors in this combine are Republicans. The impartial, philosophical observer inclines to the opinion that neither party is very candid in its professions of antagonism to trusts, and will also admit that, so far as positive action against unlawful combines is concerned, the Republicans have a better record than the Democrats. There is now only one anti-trust law on the Federal statute-books, the father of which was John Sherman, the venerable statesman, now tottering on the brink of the grave. The Democrats have never been able to accomplish anything in the matter of anti-trust legislation. They have forever opposed the Republicans, whenever an attempt was made to strengthen the hands of the courts in dealing with trusts.

Some months ago, towards the close of the last session of Congress, the Republicans tried to pass an amendment to the Constitution entrusting Congress with full power to supervise and regulate interstate corporations, but they failed of success, on account of Democratic opposition. The arguments advanced by some of the Democratic leaders against the amendment were rather flimsy and silly; they rested, principally, upon that undying fear of Federal tyranny, that bigoted worshiping of State-rights, which has always played such a great part in our political history. The Philadelphia platform reiterates the demands of the Republicans for an amendment to the Federal Constitution giving Congress full power and authority to deal with trusts, and there is ample reason to believe that the re-election of McKinley, and the return of a Republican majority to the lower House of Congress, will assure the submission of the amendment to the States for ratification.

About a year ago, an article in the MIRROR advocated the regulation of interstate corporations by Congress. Events since then have confirmed the opinions then expressed, and convinced every practical-minded man that the Federal Government alone can regulate and remedy the trust evil. If Congress can successfully legislate in matters of bankruptcy, why should it not be endowed with full authority to deal with trusts? The anti-trust laws in the various States are so conflicting and contradictory, and, in many instances, so unwise and pernicious, that a uniform system of legislation would be exceedingly welcome.

The amendment proposed would not endanger the rights of States, and would give no occasion for resentment or opposition. On the contrary, it would prove of benefit to the people of the Union, as it would prevent the oppression practiced by interstate corporations. The States have no right to peremptorily refuse the application of a foreign corporation to do business. They have full power to deal with home corporations, but are handicapped in their efforts to deal with companies organized in different States. In this respect, therefore, Federal legislation, of uniform character, would afford instant and adequate relief.

The cry about trust evils is much overdone. As Governor Roosevelt said in his speech in St. Louis sometime ago, we must be fair and just to everybody, including corporations. In enacting laws for the regulation of great corporations, we must respect property rights; we must bear in mind that the big corporation is the result of modern conditions. Without the corporations, we would make little or no progress. The corporations have built our great enterprises, our railroads, waterworks, lighting systems, telegraph and telephone lines and manufacturing plants. A destruction of corporations would be equivalent to killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. It is the combination of capital only that can accomplish anything in modern times. The greater the expansion in our foreign trade, the

larger will be the capital of our corporations. Let us encourage, not intimidate capital.

What is necessary is that Congress supervise the organization of interstate corporations; that the charter should have proper and needful restrictions; that the capitalization should represent actual value, and that the financial condition of the properties should be made public at stated intervals. Legislation of this kind will prevent inflation, extortion, oppression and a defiance of the rights of the people. It will also encourage investment in securities of this kind, and allow the saving, thrifty classes of our people to become partners in vast interstate and international enterprises. *Francis A. Huter.*

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

[For the MIRROR—Copyrighted.]

XVII—COMPANIONSHIP.

THE sense of comradeship which now we feel,
Grew slowly, as an oak does; and as strong.
For now to one another we belong
In all that makes a man and woman leal;
Our lives are linked as firm as welded steel,
And in our thoughts sweet harmonies do throng
Like half-remembered echoes of a song,
As days and nights above our pathway wheel.
So does the perfume and the joy of days
Live with us; and the season's sway dispute;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, they may go their ways,
And bring nor bud nor blossom an' it suit;
Yet what reck we, beside the wintry fire,
Sitting alone, I and my Heart's Desire!

XVIII—APART.

Bleak, bitter hours, when separate, we knew,
Days where the sun sank glowing in the west,
And quietly the shadows onward pressed
Until the twilight blotted out the blue:
The first faint stars came slowly to the view
And home-bound birds flew silent to their nest,
While swift as light our thoughts in eager quest
Pierced outward, yours to me and mine to you.
Now in the years when we together dream
Those days apart have lost their sombre look.
Mere dog-eared pages of Time's well-thumbed book
And not to us belonging, do they seem.
Thus fate at last hath offered full amends,
And made those lovers, who were once but friends.

XIX—APPLE-TREES.

First to our sight their branches brown and bare
Stood naked in the days of early Spring;
Where haply showed the brilliant azure wing
Of some conceited jay-bird roaming there;
And then came May, and all the waiting air
Was white with dainty blossoms, quivering,
With hordes of bees, that gathered there to cling
And all those honeyed sweets to claim and share.

But best of all was in the days of June,
When thick and full the canopy of leaves
Put back the sun with sheltering emerald eaves,
And housed us from the fervent light of noon;
How happily we told there, in the shade,
Of dreams of one another, unafraid.

XX—AT THE WINDOW.

A measure of slow musing; and a dream,
Of other days that to her heart has sped,
A yard below where grasses thickly spread
Lie out like velvet in the sunlight's gleam;
Blue-dappled skies with clouds as wan as cream;
And in the streets, a wandering, noisy thread
Of wheels and voices, down and outward led,
That ripples past the window in a stream.

But now a footstep echoes up the street
And drops the thimble from her finger there,
The quickened pulses of the day swift beat
And sunshine nestles in her tawny hair;
He looks above, as hoping not in vain—
Her face appears, a flower at the pane.

THE CONVERSION OF DON ENRIQUE.

AN EPISODE OF MEXICAN RAILWAY LIFE.

"IT is most wonderful! Nay, more, it is marvelous, miraculous! Why, an hundred burros could not draw so great a load! No, not even an hundred of the best horses of Las Delicias! Come, my friend, let us instantly depart. Of truth, it is the work of the Evil One himself, and to remain longer would be but to endanger the welfare of our souls. Let us never have railroads in our Mexico!"

Don Enrique was a provincial Mexican gentleman who had journeyed in that good, old-fashioned conveyance, a rattle-trap of a *diligencia*, from his far-away *ranchito* to the frontier town of Paso del Norte, where he had been persuaded, not a little against his will, to accompany a friend to El Paso, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, there to view the wonders being wrought by the Americans. The first railroad to enter El Paso had just been completed, and he saw for the first time in his life that wonderful machine, a steam locomotive. Its strange noises filled him with alarm; the foul smoke pouring from its stack almost strangled him; and, awe-stricken by its miraculous strength, he finally gave expression to his emotions, as shown above. He turned a deaf ear to the laughing remonstrances of his friend, meanwhile piously crossing himself, and insisted upon immediately returning to the Mexican side of the river; there, he felt, they would be safe from the malignant influence of the diabolical machine. And, upon arriving in Paso del Norte, he lost no time in starting back home, but it was with a heavy heart; he was oppressed with the fear that he had committed a heinous sin.

A few months later he was informed that a concession for the construction of a railroad in Mexico had been granted an American company, whereupon he held up his hands in speechless horror. Regaining use of his tongue, he denounced the impious government of his country in terms both vigorous and picturesque, but that accomplished nothing. And when the engineers who located the line of the road entered the bounds of Las Delicias he used all the diplomacy at his command to turn them aside, but to no effect, for the road was surveyed to pass within a mile of his house.

In due time the graders came, a motley crowd of rude, rough men who laughed in his face, and with many an outburst of impotent rage he saw them tear an ugly trench across the breadth of Las Delicias. Then came the track-layers, and he raved and stormed like one beside himself as the lines of glittering rails crept up to and past his home; and he crossed himself in pious horror at sight of the telegraph wires. He was not in the least mollified when the railroad company paid him a good, round sum for its right-of-way across his property, and rejected with a superb gesture of scorn the annual pass that was also tendered him.

"No, no, senor!" he exclaimed, indignantly; "I was powerless to prevent this desecration of my beloved country, but I did what I could. As yet the infamous government has not enacted laws compelling me to patronize your railroad, and until that be done neither I, nor my family, nor yet my servants, shall imperil their souls by going near your trains. Take back the pass to those who sent it, and tell them that I, Enrique del Toro, do execrate it and them."

Don Enrique's opposition gave the officials of the road but little concern; his was only one of many such cases, nevertheless it was decided to propitiate him by establishing a station convenient to his use, and a neat frame building was erected not far from his house. When the time arrived to select a man to have charge of this station, Bob Evans, a man who was a thorough railroader and with a reputation for coolness and "nerve," but who was utterly lacking in respect for Mexicans, was chosen. He was not the man to make overtures of friendship to Don Enrique, most decidedly not—and Don Enrique would have repelled such overtures had they been made. Weeks passed, with each seeming to be insensible of the other's existence; but there were agencies at work that were destined soon to break down the barriers between them.

One morning a *vaquero* galloped madly to the *hacienda*, bringing Don Enrique the terrifying news that a large war party of Apache Indians had swept down from the neigh-

boring mountains, killing and burning, and were making for the *hacienda*. Many years had passed since the Indians had raided that country, and so Don Enrique was utterly unprepared to meet them.

"God of my soul, what am I to do?" he groaned. "We are too few to resist them. We must fly, but where? Oh, my wife, my daughter! Truly it is an evil day that has come upon us. We must fly from Las Delicias, but where can we find safety? There are no soldiers nearer than Chihuahua, and of truth the Indians would overtake us before we could go so far." And the poor man wrung his hands in despair.

"You forget the railway, Don Enrique," the *vaquero* answered. "Let us hurry to the station; a train may come at any moment, and all the Apaches of the Sierra Madre could not overtake that, it moves with such great swiftness."

"The railway is a device of Satan for entrapping our souls," Don Enrique sternly replied.

"And are not the Apaches Satan's own imps?" the *vaquero* rejoined, with respectful persistence.

Don Enrique was loath to surrender his cherished policy of non-intercourse with the railroad, but his wife and daughter promptly championed the *vaquero's* suggestion, and when two women beset one poor man, that man has but one course to follow. He yielded, and immediately his household began its flight. Pell-mell, shrieking, and gesticulating, they poured into the station, surprising Evans into speechlessness; and Don Enrique, his simple mind agitated no less by his fear of the clicking telegraph instruments than by his apprehension of the blood-curdling horrors of an Apache raid, attempted to explain the cause of their coming. He spoke Spanish, the only language he knew, and his excitement caused his words to pour out in an unbroken stream that was wholly unintelligible to Evans, who could understand Spanish only when it was spoken slowly and with careful enunciation.

Mexicans always amused Evans—when they did not disgust him. Their theatrical display of emotion, their effusiveness, startling gesticulation, and comical grimaces, when excited, were to him all that the antics of a cage of monkeys are to the small boy. In puzzled amusement he sat staring at Don Enrique, letting him talk away until exhausted, and then coolly informed him that he had failed to catch his meaning.

Don Enrique gasped with despair; what could he do to arouse this thick-headed American, he wondered. A happy thought occurred to him: grasping Evans by the arm, he dragged him to the window. "Mira, senor," he cried, pointing to the west, where a number of slender columns of smoke were rising, "Indios! Apaches! Muchos, muchos!"

Evans was a frontiersman, and his mind instantly took in the situation. With a bound he reached his telegraph instrument and began calling Chihuahua, while Don Enrique drew back from the devilish machinery as far as he could. The Chihuahua office was prompt to respond, and the next moment an urgent call for soldiers went leaping along the wire. There was immediate excitement in Chihuahua; the fussy switch-engine that was standing for the moment idly beside the telegraph office awoke with a snort, and darted to the end of the yard, where it began hastily sorting out coaches. In hot haste a messenger was dispatched to the barracks; breathless he rushed into the office of the *comandante*, and the next minute there arose an angry snarling of drums and a loud, excited calling of bugles. Then came a pattering of many sandaled feet and the rattle and jingle of arms, a hasty calling of rolls and counting of fours, followed by sharp, quick-spoken words of command, and a column of swarthy, uniformed men emerged from the barracks. Again a sharp command, and they sprang forward at the double-quick, racing to the railroad station, where a train was now in readiness for them. Having seen the soldiers safely aboard, the conductor went into the telegraph office, where he remained a few moments; when he came out again he carried in his hand a crumpled bit of paper, upon which appeared the words, "Run regardless." His hand shot upward in a signal to the waiting engineer, and, with clanging bell and the hiss of escaping steam, the train moved out.

Anxiously the refugees at Las Delicias scanned the western horizon. In that direction an almost level plain stretched away mile upon mile to where it met a range of mountains that were velvety and blue with distance. Midway in this plain a cloud of dust arose, grew larger with

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every moment, and drew rapidly nearer. Now a dense roll of black smoke appeared, and ascended straight upward to lose itself in the blue of the sky, and an angry glare of flame leaped upward beneath it. The Apaches were coming in a whirlwind of death and destruction.

"A Dios, they are but little more than three leagues away!" groaned Don Enrique. "What shall we do?"

"No need for worry, señor," returned Evans, who was sitting with one ear over his telegraph instruments; and with exasperating coolness he struck a match and lit his pipe.

"No need for worry?" gasped Don Enrique. "Great God, man, thou art crazed with fear!"

But Evans did not reply, did not hear; he was entirely absorbed by what the telegraph was saying. Presently a look of satisfaction shone in his face, and he made a hasty mental calculation: "Indians ten miles away, an' comin' ten miles an hour; soldiers sixty miles away, an' 'ussin' Jimmy Johnson a-pullin' 'em; result, some Indians to bury in 'bout an hour if Jimmy stays on th' rails—hot times for us if he don't."

The cloud of dust kept rolling nearer, and a group of tiny black specks came into view at its base—specks that increased in number with every moment, and that grew larger, took form, and became galloping Apaches. Nearer, nearer they came, and the sobbing, praying, hysterical Mexicans relinquished all hope of mortal aid; but not so with Evans. Leaning far out of his window, he was watching the track, and, presently, far away where the two lines of gleaming rails seemed to unite in one, he caught sight of another speck—a speck that was sending aloft a plume of inky-black smoke. "Fireman's workin' like th' devil," he mused, "an' Jimmy's got her wide open, comin' down a one-per-cent, grade, too. Ain't he a bird?" Now he looked at the Indians, and a look of concern stole into his face. They were getting dangerously near. Going to his desk, he took out and cocked his revolver. It held six loads, one for each of the women if the worst should come—far better death for them than

capture by the Apache, he thought. Glancing at these poor creatures, who were huddling together in a corner of the room, he noticed for the first time that one of them, a young woman whom he took to be Don Enrique's daughter, was possessed of more than average beauty, and he trembled with the thought that his might be the hand that must end her life.

The Apaches were within rifle-range of the station, and the rapid pounding of their horses' hoofs was distinctly heard, when the rails began to vibrate and hum beneath swiftly turning wheels. The next minute, with a deafening roar of escaping steam, and with every wheel sliding and sending showers of sparks from the rails, the train bearing the soldiers swept up to the station and came to a stop. Stentorian commands rang out, followed instantly by a rattling and crackling of locks, and a thunderous volley crashed from the car windows.

The surprise of the Apaches was complete; several of their number reeled and almost fell from their ponies. A whoop and a wave of their leader's hand sent them flying back towards the mountains, and the soldiers, quickly pouring from the train, started in hopeless pursuit of them.

Don Enrique was as one who sees a vision—so sudden a transition from dumb despair to a sense of safety stupefied him. With round, wide-open eyes, he stared a few minutes at the fleeing Indians, at the dusty soldiers above whose heads fluttered the flag of his country, and then, in a sudden transport of joy, rushed to Evans and clasped him in his arms.

"My friend, my very dear friend!" he cried, kissing the surprised American, first on one cheek, then the other. "Nay, thou art more than friend—saviour—saviour of my property—of my family—of all that I hold dear! Thou hast—"

"Oh, hello! Say, drop it! Turn me loose, you old fool! D—n you, quit kissin' me," sputtered Evans, speaking English, as was natural under such circumstances.

"—performed a miracle, thou and thy railroad, and thy telegraph!" Don Enrique went on, not noticing this

interruption, and holding tight to Evans, who was struggling with all his strength to get away.

Evans gave up, and, to escape farther osculation, pushed forward his head on the Mexican's shoulder; his face was flushed with shame, and his eyes were rolling ludicrously from side to side, fairly speaking the disgust he felt.

"Ay de mi! I did oppose the building of thy railroad. I thought it the work of the devil, and I denounced the government for permitting it. But I was wrong—I, Enrique del Toro, do admit that I was wrong, and henceforth I am the friend of railroads—of the telegraph, also. It has been the means of saving our lives, and therefore can not be harmful to our souls. I am the friend of thy railroad, I repeat, and I will now accept the pass I once did refuse. Come to my house my friend, it is thine; all that I possess is thine at thy pleasure."

He was trying to kiss Evans again, when a voice that shook with laughter called from the window: "Say, Evans, what's the matter with the good-lookin' daughter? I'd rather kiss her than the old man—I'll take her if you'll let me get into the game."

"D—n you an' th' daughter too!" Evans returned, wrathfully, glancing at the grimy face of "Cussin' Jimmy, which was framed in the window, and with a mighty effort he wrenched himself free and ran out of the room.

A year passed, and one day Evans hailed the engineer of a train that was slowing into Las Delicias: "Say, Jimmy," he called, "do you remember th' little Mexican girl you saw out here last year—th' time you pulled th' extra, bringin' soldiers?"

"The one that was lookin' so lonesome while you were huggin' the old man?" answered Jimmy. "Why, yes; what's become of her?"

"She doesn't get lonesome that way any more," Evans replied, grinning sheepishly. "Slip on your best clothes an' dead-head out here to-morrow, and you'll see her become Mrs. Evans." Bourdon Wilson, in the Argonaut.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

COMMENTS OF A BOER PASTOR.

[A short time ago, Mr. Van Broekhuizen, a Boer pastor, arrived in Paris from South Africa. As it was known that he had been with the Boer armies in most of the important battles of the war, the editor of the *Paris Figaro* asked him to write down some of his souvenirs and thoughts about the struggle that has been waging so long. Mr. Van Broekhuizen kindly consented. The article appeared in the *Figaro*, and part of it, which has been translated for the *MIRROR*, by Mr. Francis A. Huter, is here-with given.]

It is six o'clock in the evening. I am in this grand, hospitable city of Paris, which is full of sunshine and reverberating with noise, and I dream:

I dream of my native country, where the shadows of night are falling upon desolate plains and mountains. My brothers, the Boers, have finished their daily task of struggle. In my mind's eye, I see them seated about the table, in an abandoned, half-destroyed farm-house, reading, by the light of a flickering candle, their pocket-editions of the Bible. Their fine, illustrated editions have been lost during the reign of blood and pillage. I also see others, huddling together behind a group of trees or at the foot of great rocks, their rifles slung across their shoulders, singing melancholy hymns, invoking the aid of the God of their fathers, that just God that will not forsake them. Their thoughts are sad, but their simple and strong hearts are still filled with hope.

I know very well what they are thinking of, for their thoughts are sisters to mine. They think of the many relatives and friends they have lost; they think of the many hardships they had to endure in the past twelve months, and they think also of the task that is still before them, of the enemy that has come to disturb their peace and to destroy the independence of their native country. Many of them have lost their homes, as the English have destroyed them; many of them have lost their family and fortune, but they have not lost their hope and virile faith.

Yes, I know what they are thinking of. They think of the thousands of men that have been killed in battle, a sacrifice to Mammon and the greed for gold. Is it not horrible? To send so many thousands of young men to their untimely death, because somebody has cast envious eyes on our gold fields?

I remember to have seen a picture in one of the shops at Pretoria, representing Joseph Chamberlain, suffering the tortures of the damned in hell, and menaced by the arms of thousands of mothers and children, who ask him regarding the terrible crimes that he has committed. And I know that I would prefer to be the most miserable and the most forsaken wretch on earth, rather than Mr. Chamberlain.

I do not hate the Englishmen. I deeply grieve for the poor Tommies whose bones are decaying in the thousands of graves that dot the Transvaal. I am also full of sympathy for that strong, young aristocracy that hurled itself against our trenches and met death with a stout and defiant heart. Some years ago, I had many friends in Scotland, but I have lost them since the day of the battle of Magersfontein, when so many Scotch soldiers, so many brave, young fellows were mowed down by our rifle-fire.

I used to believe that Englishmen were inspired by Christian sentiments and willing

to be fair and just. But my belief was an illusion, and has since vanished like an illusion.

You ask me regarding our cause. You ask if it is lost. I do not know. Our farmers told their pastors: "You send us to battle, but you remain behind to preach." We then took our rifles and accompanied them. Although I had the opportunity, I have killed no one in battle. When I was twelve years old, they all praised me for my skill in handling a rifle. In our present struggle, however, I have contented myself with staying at the side of my friends in battle, to console them, to bless them, to encourage them and to help them, if necessary. I have closed many eyes, in the glare of South African sunlight, the eyes of Boers and Englishmen. My grief and my prayers were the same for friend and enemy. Many balls and shells whistled and hissed past my ears.

After the battle, the Boers displayed sincere humanity and pity for their killed or wounded adversaries. I have seen them helping their helpless foes in every way conceivable, and trying to ameliorate their pain and sufferings.

I believe that the desperate struggle will continue for months to come. If, when at last the end has come, Great Britain refuses to grant independence to the Burghers of the two Republics, the whole African element of South Africa will rise, and a great war without mercy will begin against the common enemy, the despoiler of our homes and assassin of our brothers.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Dr. and Mrs. Gustav Lippman have taken possession of their new home 3738, Olive street. Mrs. Henry M. Stubblefield of Cook avenue is entertaining Miss Mary Wood of Chillicothe, Ohio.

Dr. E. E. Kurtzeborn arrived in Berlin, Germany, Wednesday, where he will spend a year completing his studies.

Mrs. Harry Elliot is entertaining Mrs. Robinson, of Jefferson City, wife of Judge Robinson of the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Chouteau Maffitt and Miss Ida Pollard have returned from the Adirondacks, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson have given up their house and have taken apartments at the West End Hotel for the remainder of the season.

The Acephalous Euchre Club held its first meeting of the season at the residence of Mrs. E. L. Adreon, of 5713 Cabanne avenue, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Shep. Cabanne, Jr., is entertaining Miss Anna Belle Chase of Memphis, Tenn., in whose honor a number of informal entertainments have been given lately.

The marriage of Miss Lena Ables, 4438 Morgan street, and Dr. Albert Vogel will take place on November 1st. Dr. Vogel is the son of the late Benjamin Vogel of the Olympic Theater.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hobart of Vandeventer Place have just returned from Kansas, where they have been visiting their daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cale.

The Cabanne Club will entertain its adult members next Monday evening with a reading by the well known Mr. George Riddle, of Boston, Mass. The event will take place at Arcade Hall, and selections of both humorous and pathetic character will be given.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin E. D. Stafford, of 4476a Morgan street, have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Georgia Clifton Miller, and Mr. William Frederick Roberts, which will take place at high noon on October 31st.

Although not formally announced, the engagement of Miss Rachel Drummond and Mr.

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Eugene Cuendet is generally known among their friends. Miss Drummond is the daughter of the late John Drummond, and is one of the richest heiresses in the city. No date has been set for the wedding.

Invitations for the marriage of Miss Jessamine Barstow and Mr. Wallace Simmons have just been sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Barstow, of Kirkwood. The ceremony will take place October 31st, at the Second Baptist Church, and the large reception will be deferred until the return of the young couple from their honeymoon tour.

Miss Elizabeth Semple has formally announced her engagement to Mr. Edwin Euston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Euston. Miss Semple has been very popular in society, and her engagement will be a sad blow to many of the society beaux. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Semple, of 3745 Pine street. Mr. Euston, who graduated from Harvard about a year ago, went to Chicago to live, as he has fine business interests there.

Mrs. Arthur Garesche will entertain on Friday afternoon with a tea, given in honor of her guest and niece, Miss Laura Garesche, who is one of the debutantes of the season. The home, at 4244 Maryland avenue, will be ornamented simply but effectively with flowers and palms. Mrs. Garesche will receive with her niece and after having made the acquaintance of the debutante, the guests will be greeted by Mesdames Emma Garesche, William Farrar, Hamilton Farish and Herbert M. Dix, who will be without hats. Four of the prettiest girls in society will serve. They are Misses Clara Bain, Mary Kimball, Adele Hart and Sadie Bailey.

"AN ELEGANT HAT."

Some of the handsomest specimens of Parisian hats for the past few seasons have been imported by the Rosenheim Millinery Company. At the same time this firm has produced hats, toques and turbans which, in the opinion of some of the best judges, are equal, if not superior, to the imported head-gear. For the coming Horse Show Rosenheim's hats are as elegant as could well be imagined. They have in a special degree that artistic style that distinguishes only first-class millinery. Many of them will be seen at the Horse Show.

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To send away: "Well, that caps the climax." "What's that?" "Cook says those folks in that little house on the corner came over while we were gone and had their photographs taken sitting on our veranda." —*Indianapolis Journal*.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mrs. Celeste Tracy has for her guest, Miss Gilpin of Denver, Colorado, who will remain for some time.

Dr. and Mrs. George W. Hall and their daughter, Miss Hattie Hall, have just returned from a visit to their farm in Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morton Allen, who have lately returned from a Western tour, have gone to housekeeping at 4396 Lindell.

Mr. and Mrs. John England Cantwell, of 1120 Ailanthus street, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Charles M'Gulley, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis have gone East for a short trip and during their absence Miss Clara Cochran of Lexington, Ky., is keeping house for them.

Miss Maude Gunnison has announced her engagement to Mr. Albert H. Engel. Miss Gunnison is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Gunnison, of 4418 Morgan street.

Miss Daisy Pamel's engagement to Mr. Harry Blodgett is now generally known, and acknowledged by the parties concerned. No date has yet been set for the happy event.

Miss Julia Clements has lately made known to her friends her engagement to Mr. William N. Broyles, of Cripple Creek. The wedding will be one of the events of November.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Fuller of Cleveland avenue are entertaining their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Parker of Beaumont, Texas, who with their infant arrived in the city last week.

Mrs. Stockwell Dudley of 4483 Washington Boulevard is entertaining Miss Belle Mitchell Dudley, of Flemingsburg, Ky., who arrived in the city on Monday to make a visit of several weeks.

Another engagement of importance is that of Miss Viola Benoist, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Benoist, to Mr. Walter Keith, of Kansas City. No date has been set for the wedding.

Dr. and Mrs. Sloane Tracy are occupying the home of Dr. and Mrs. John Delaney who, accompanied by Miss Sophie Sloane and Miss Marie Tracy, sailed last week for Europe, where they will make a tour of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dimmock have lately returned from Virginia, where they went to make a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulliken at their country home, "Page Brook." During their stay Mrs. Dimmock stood godmother at the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Mulliken's youngest child, who was christened Charles Napoleon Mulliken, in honor of his grandfather, the late Napoleon Mulliken of this city.

The wedding of Mrs. Julia Shorb Floyd-Jones and Mr. Frank Wright, which took place on Monday morning, at eleven o'clock, was a simple although pretty home affair. The ceremony was performed by Father Powers, in the presence of the immediate family of the bride and groom. Mrs. Floyd-Jones wore an imported gown of pale gray broadcloth, made stylishly, and trimmed with Persian applique. A hat of black velvet trimmed with plumes completed the toilette. There were no attendants, and

after the ceremony a bridal breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Wright departed for a honeymoon tour east. Upon their return they will be at home to friends after the first of November. Mr. Wright comes of a wealthy family of Boston, Mass., and came here about a year ago to take charge of the auditor's department of the Bell Telephone Co. Mrs. Floyd-Jones was formerly Miss Julia Shorb, and much admired.

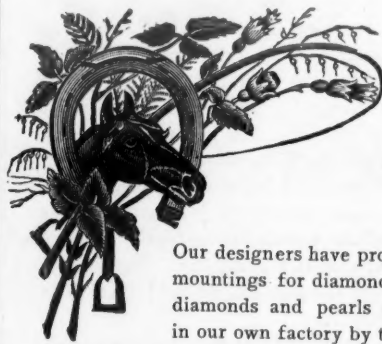
An overwhelming number of engagements have been announced during the past week, among which is that of Miss Sophie Daughaday, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Daughaday, of 4592 West Pine boulevard, to Mr. George Huntington Webster, Jr., of Chicago. Mr. Webster is a collegian, having graduated from Yale, and afterwards made a tour of the world. He is the son of Mr. Geo. H. Webster, of Chicago, a retired capitalist, and one of the most representative Chicagoans. Both father and son have large cattle interests in New Mexico. Miss Daughaday is one of the most popular girls in society, and is noted for her gift of repartee, and the ability to tell a witty story. She is a blonde with violet eyes, and no better proof of her popularity among her own sex can be given than that she has been eight times a bridesmaid during the past year. No date has been set for the wedding. Miss Daughaday's engagement was first formally announced at a luncheon given by her sister, Mrs. Tracy Drake, at her beautiful summer home at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where Miss Daughaday has been spending the summer.

The marriage of Miss Jane Fordyce and Captain David Sheridan Stanley took place on Tuesday evening, at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Fordyce, of 3634 Washington Boulevard. The ceremony was performed at six o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Sneed, of the Compton Avenue Presbyterian Church, in the presence of the relatives of the young couple, as, owing to the recent death of the groom's uncle, Dr. Wright, the large number of invitations issued for the wedding and reception were recalled. The bride was gown in white satin crepe en traine, the skirt being trimmed with a panel and bow of fine old Brussels point lace. She wore a long tulle veil and this was held in place with a beautiful comb of gold set with pearls, which was brought to her from the Philippines by the groom when he came over last July on the staff of General Otis. A diamond brooch was also worn in the bodice and this too was the gift of the groom. Miss Jane Gillespie of Waco, Texas, who served as maid of honor, wore a white net over a double skirt of chiffon and silk, both of a pale green tint. The bodice was low, with demi sleeves and she carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Rushton Stewart Fordyce was the groom's best man. After the ceremony Captain and Mrs. Stanley received the congratulations of their friends and then departed for Asheville, N. C., where they will spend their honeymoon. As Captain Stanley has lately been promoted and has not as yet been assigned to any post, their future residence is undecided. Captain Stanley wore his full regimental uniform at the wedding. He occupies the post of Quartermaster on the staff of General Otis. Miss Fordyce had an unusual number of magnificent bridal gifts, among which was an old-fashioned, mahogany linen chest, with claw feet, filled with the finest linen. This was the gift of Mrs. Fordyce. Mr. Fordyce gave them a complete chest of silver, and General Stanley, the father of the groom, presented a dinner service of solid gold. Besides these, there was a great quantity of magnificent antique jewelry and several table services of silver.

Mrs. Stockwell Dudley and Miss Emma Churchill gave a pretty reception on Tuesday evening, in honor of Mrs. Jessie Mackaye Hobbs. The function took place at the home of Mrs. Dudley, 4483 Washington boulevard, from two to four o'clock, and was largely attended by fashionables. Mrs. Dudley received with Miss Churchill and Mrs. Hobbs assisted by Miss Belle Mitchell Dudley, of Flemingsburg, Ky., and Miss Fannie Morris. Mrs. Dudley wore white crepe de chine trimmed with a garniture of Duchesse lace, the bodice low and sleeveless. Mrs. Hobbs wore an elegant toilette of white silk, veiled in Renaissance lace. Miss Churchill was gown in pale grey silk poplin, trimmed in pale blue velvet. This was also low and sleeveless. Miss Morris wore a dainty creation of white Paris muslin, trimmed in a profusion of black lace. Miss Dudley's toilette was of pale blue Mousseline de soie, over a slip of the same shade, and made with a low, sleeveless bodice trimmed with ribbon and lace. The lower floor was decorated with American Beauty

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oses and palms, with the exception of the dining room, where the color tones were pink, carried out in roses and ribbons. Four young ladies who served in the dining room were Misses Eloise Semple, Frances Berry, Alice Smythe and Marion Ralston. The ladies without hats were Mesdames H. Nelson, of New York; J. O. Churchill and L. B. Morris. Among the guests were Mesdames John Ockerson, Bransford Lewis, J. J. Raleigh, Vincent Kerens, Clinton Udell, Thomas W. Culver, George F. Bergfeld, William Danforth, George W. Teasdale, Ed. Pitzman, A. A. Eddy, T. V. Strode, Charles Young, E. L. Jordan, Oliver Anderson, Misses Gertrude Rockwood, Cora Sippy, Stella Swift, Alice Pollard, Ida Swift, Mathilda Eno, Cora Gehner, Grace Leavenworth, Nellie Nicholson, Carrie Lowry, Kathryn Miller, Laura Lee Huft, Zella MacDonald, Mary Lee Reynolds, Mae Dreas, Elizabeth Morrison, Julia Eno and Merry Stuyvesant.

One of the handsomest functions of the season was the reception given, on Monday afternoon, by Mrs. John W. Harrison in honor of the debut of Miss Florence Harrison. The reception was a very large affair, about six hundred guests being present, and was followed by a dance in the evening, when about two hundred and fifty young people made merry until a late hour. Mrs. Harrison received with Miss Florence Harrison and Miss Eugenie Mansur of Carrollton, Mo., in the afternoon, and in the evening the same party assisted by Mr. John W. Harrison and Miss Ellen Walsh. The rooms were all beautifully decorated with a great profusion of pink roses and a large bay window in the library was veiled with curtains of smilax, looped back with pink roses. Here a number of young ladies served. They were Misses Rachel Drummond, Susan Larkin Thompson, Edith Delafield, Maude Wells, Georgia Wright, Olive Simpkins, Martha Blackwell, Eloise Sublette, Susan Leigh Slattery, Clara Leete, Sidney Boyd, Nellie Bagnell, May Scott, Barbara Blackman, Elsie Ford and Grace Massey. In the evening the curtains of smilax in this same window were lowered and the musicians were placed behind them. Mrs. Harrison was gown in an exquisite creation of pale gray trimmed with lavender, and Miss Harrison wore a girlish toilette of white embroidered chiffon over gauze. This was made with a transparent guimp for the afternoon, which was removed in the evening, leaving the

bodice decollete. Miss Mansur wore all white, the gown being of grenadine over chiffon, trimmed with a passementerie of pearls. There were a number of ladies without hats in the afternoon and these were Mesdames John Ockerson, George Hoblitzell, John C. Roberts, Calvin Lightner. Among the young people present in the evening were Misses Clara Bain, Mimi Berthold, Isabel Belcher, Agnes Delafield, Maude Belcher, Louis Espenchied, Ella Daughaday, Marie Walsh, Jessie Wright, Adele Hart, Lillian Holmes, Mabel Holmes, Maude Niedringhaus, Louise Filley, Edna Gamble, Amy Samuels, Louise M'Creery, Eugenia M'Blair, Marie Hayes, Martha Hutchinson, Jeanne Capen, Carrie Cook, Bessie Clark, Mary Euston, Louise Harrison and Elizabeth Semple. Messrs. Park Von Wedelstadt, Ed. Ware, Gordon M'Neil, Charles Clark, Horace Collins, Eugene Cuendet, Al Yeatman Carr, Dan Catlin, Jr., Richard Boyle James Bryson, Eugene Abadie, Cevendra Blake, Vion Papin, Thurston Wright, Boyle Price and Charles Pope O'Fallon.

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515-LOCUST ST.-515

WORLD OF WOMAN.

Smoking among women is more common in Europe than in the United States, and here it is much more frequently seen in New York and the Eastern cities than in the West and South. In Europe any suggestion that smoking was improper for women would be received with amazement (says the *New York Sun*.) It might be thought unhealthy or expensive, but its impropriety would not be discussed. There could be no room for such an opinion where smoking is so common among the highly placed as it is in most of the European nations. The Princess of Wales set the seal of the highest approval in Great Britain on the fashion of smoking nearly a score of years ago, when she had her servants hand about at a dinner for women small cigarettes of a kind she had smoked for years before that. This made the habit permissible to all women in Great Britain, if it had indeed needed any such countenance. Queen Victoria's well-known opposition to the practice was not enough to discourage its votaries after the princess had given it her frank approval. Only one of Queen Victoria's daughters ever showed how little she cared for the royal opinion in such matters by smoking whenever she wanted to. This was the Princess Louise. The Princess Alice, on the other hand, shared so fully her mother's prejudice and transmitted it to her daughters so fully that the present Czarina of Russia has asked the ladies of the Russian court not to smoke in her presence. This was naturally an unpopular prohibition in a country that offers the astonishing sight of women driving through the streets in open carriages and enjoying cigarettes as freely as in the quiet of their own boudoirs. Middle-aged, plainly dressed women do not hesitate to ride through the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow smoking cigarettes as unceremoniously as a messenger-boy on the rear seat of a cable-car. The Russian women throughout Europe make very little allowance for the prejudice of other countries in respect to their favorite habit. They even smoke cigars in restaurants and hotels, as unconscious of anything unusual in the proceedings as the men seated about them.

Smoking is much commoner among the Austrian women than among the Germans, probably because the late empress made no concealment of her taste for cigarettes, which is said to have led her to smoke daily a number that would have upset the nerves and stomach of almost any man. Queen Margherita is another popular sovereign who is a frank user of tobacco in the form of mild and small cigarettes, and so is the Queen of Spain, who, as an Austrian, might have been expected to enjoy the habit, even if it had not been her fate to rule over a country in which the cigarette is almost as popular with the women as it is with the men. The Queens of Greece and Wurtemberg were both Russian grand duchesses, and their weakness is for tobacco in the form of rather strong Russian cigarettes that are made after the custom in St. Petersburg, according to the formula they have always used. With such examples before their eyes it is not surprising that women who smoke are much more numerous abroad than they are in the United

States. There is one other marked difference between them and the American women who take pleasure in a cigarette. Here the habit is nearly always an assumption among all but women of a certain class. In Europe the feminine smokers do it because they enjoy the effects of a cigarette just as men do. It is as much a habit with them as it is with men. It is not taken up there because it is cosmopolitan or smart or the proper thing to do just at the moment. Here it is usually some such cause that makes a woman a smoker. But in Europe it is the enjoyment to be had from the effects of tobacco.

General Andre, the French minister of war, has introduced a reform in the French army by abolishing the obligatory dowry of twenty thousand francs for officers' brides. The system was originated in 1843, when the French officer seeking a wife was at a disadvantage compared with the civilian, as parents would not give dowried daughters to men who were likely at any moment to leave them widows, while changing regiments gave to officers a pillar-to-post existence, particularly repugnant to the French nature. Now that long peace has made the people forget the war bogey and men sometimes remain for a life-time at one garrison, officers are at a premium in the marriage market. For these reasons it was thought needless to place difficulties in the way of the bridegroom who was not seeking a *dot*, but officers desiring to marry must still forward to their commander and the minister of war an explanation of the morality of the future wife and the suitability of the proposed union.

A happy but peculiar chain of circumstances is noted by a Southern California correspondent. Miss Marion Delaney, of San Francisco, has received an appointment to teach Greek and Latin in the Pasadena High School, vice Miss Florence Parker, resigned. The vacancy which Miss Delaney is to fill is due to a peculiar matrimonial epidemic. A year ago, Miss Nash, who taught Latin in the Pasadena High School, succumbed to Cupid's darts, and this year the Greek teacher, Miss Boynton, did likewise. Miss Florence Parker, of Berkeley, was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Boynton's resignation, and a week ago she wrote that she had decided not to teach this year. She, too, is preparing for marriage. It begins to look as though the position of Greek and Latin teacher is a good matrimonial agency. Miss Delaney's days of single blessedness are considered to be as good as numbered.

The Chicago *Tribune* contains an account of how a charitable peculiarity of women hitherto supposed to be confined to individual cases cropped out on a large scale in contributing assistance to the Galveston storm sufferers. This peculiarity may be described as the cheerful willingness of wives to sacrifice their husbands' clothing for the relief of suffering, and their backwardness in coming forward with their own clothing. "There has not been a day," says the *Tribune*, "since the bureau of relief opened in Wabash Avenue that indignant husbands have not appeared before the agent in charge and demanded that she open packages containing wearing apparel of

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which they stand sorely in need. From the frequency and emphasis of these demands it appears that the women, in the intensity of their sympathy, and their desire to aid the sufferers, have acted upon Clara Barton's hint that to give quickly is to give twice; and have, with the most reckless impartiality, gathered up their husbands' garments, irrespective of their appearance or necessities, and generously sent them to the men of Galveston, forgetting, in the meantime, that the women of Galveston may also need gowns, wraps, shirt-waists and hats."

Mme. Sarah Grand has defended herself with some humor and much point against a recent attack made upon her for injurious writings. Mme. Grand does not feel at all responsible for the arrest of a minister's daughter, who was recently found masquerading in men's clothing. The author of "The Heavenly Twins" writes: "In one book of mine, a wretched little production called 'The Tenor and the Boy,' a young lady, with conspicuously wrong ideas, masquerades in male attire; but, as the story shows she had bitter cause to repent of her folly, fair-minded people must fail to see how it could have influenced even a silly girl in the manner attributed to it. But if incidents in books are likely to reproduce themselves in the conduct of those who read them, whatever the moral attached to the incident may be, I sincerely hope, for the sake of his wife and family, that Dr. Price, of Birmingham, will never be caught dipping into the Old Testament."

TO CURE INSOMNIA.

An English physician of distinction gives these suggestions for cure of insomnia: In cases where the patient sleeps for an hour or two, then awakes with a start and cannot go to sleep again, the physician recommends that a hot water compress be laid on the abdomen. When one cannot go to sleep on

retiring, and is unable to dismiss thoughts that have occupied the day, it is advised that the patient keep his feet in water as hot as he can bear comfortably for ten minutes before going to bed. He should then put on a pair of thin cotton hose wrung out of cold water, and over those a pair of woollen ones. A more powerful remedy is a mustard sitz bath, with the proportion of a teacupful of mustard to a gallon of hot water. He should remain seated in the bath from ten to twenty minutes. In many cases a reclining bath in tepid water is useful as a sedative.

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ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,

Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of years!
I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shown;
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sorrowing soul and the world-weary brain;Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my eyes from the flickering light;
For, oh! with its sunny-edged shadows once moreHaply will through the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!Mother, dear mother! the years have been long,
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song;
Sing then again—to my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft, light lashes just sweeping my face,Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE REVEL.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare,
As they shout back our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there,
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink in our comrade's eyes;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah! for the next that dies!Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet:But stand to your glasses, steady;
And soon shall our pulses rise;A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah! for the next that dies!There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;But soon, tho' our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk;Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies;Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah! for the next that dies!Time was when we laughed at others;
We thought we were wiser then;Ha! Ha! let them think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again.No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless is here, the wise,One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah! for the next that dies!Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink,We'll fall 'midst the wine cup's sparkle,
As mute as the wine we drink.Come, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys;A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!There's a mist on the glass congealing;
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death;But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies,Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies;A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind.Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left of prize;One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

—Bartholomew Dowling.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot have private amity,
And both with winds and tides.Nothing hath got so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey;His eyes dismount the brightest star;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh because that they
Find their acquaintance there.For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains
flow,Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain which the sun with-
draws;Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of; in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend
himWhen sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

—George Herbert.

THE HORSE SHOW.

The managers of the annual Horse Show
have promised that the exhibit, commencing
on Monday next, October 29, shall be the
best of the series since the shows were first
instituted. It has become an institution in
this city and lovers of the noble equine look
forward to it as the festival of the horse
and as a time for competitive examination,
as it were, of the appearance, gait and
physique of their respective entries.The Coliseum, one of the finest arenas in
the United States, and splendidly adapted to
such exhibitions, will be gaily festooned with
bunting and brilliantly illuminated with
myriads of electric lamps.Professor Weil's military orchestra of
fifty musicians has been engaged for the
week to discourse the most popular operatic
and dance music, and, as the promenade has
been remodeled, it goes without saying that
this feature of the show will be quite as
popular this year as it was last. The Horse
Show brings out more than any other festal
occasion the *creme de la creme* of St. Louis
society. Handsome men, beautiful women,
fashionable costumes and flashing jewels are
not the least attractive features of the
affair and, if one may judge by the advanced
sale of boxes, the season of 1900 will be
socially a most decided success.As for the exhibits of blooded horses,
Manager John R. Gentry promises that they
will exceed in interest those of last year.Among the exhibitors are such well-known
breeders and owners of fine horses as Colo-
nel F. W. Blees, J. F. Crenshaw, R. C.
Rawlings, John S. Bratton, J. A. Potts,
Colonel John T. Hughes and others too
numerous to mention.The officers of the association this year
are as follows: D. R. Calhoun, president;
G. H. Walker, first vice-president; A. A.
Busch, second vice-president; G. Lacy
Crawford, treasurer; John R. Gentry,
secretary and manager.Executive Committee—David R. Calhoun,
chairman; G. H. Walker, Frederick C.
Lake, Paul Brown, G. Lacy Crawford,
Charles R. Drummond, Frederick W. Blees.Directors—Corwin H. Spencer, Frederick
W. Blees, Claude Kilpatrick, G. Lacy
Crawford, John R. Gentry, G. H. Walker,
Charles R. Drummond, John S. Bratton,
Edwin Lemp, August A. Busch, William T.
Haarstick, Frederick C. Lake, David R.
Calhoun.The victory of Forrest King in the Pro-
gressive Stillwell Stakes of \$1,000, over
Thornton Star and the Frenchman, at the
Kansas City Horse Show Monday night, was
a source of gratification to the owners of the
gaited saddle horse hereabouts, for the
horse is owned by a St. Louisan, Col. Dinks
Parrish, and was bred and ridden by a
Missourian. Col Parrish purchased the
King, who is a six-year-old, about a year
ago, and at the time was unbroken. He
lacks one inch of being 16 hands high, and
is by Grey Squirrel out of Montrose mare.
He will again meet The Frenchman and
Thornton Star at the St. Louis Show next
week, and if successful in defeating them
will be the challenger of Rex McDonald for
the World's championship. He was ridden
at Kansas City by Tom Bass, an expert in
this line, who will also ride him here in all
the classes where professional riders take
part. The King is also entered in the local
classes, but Mr. Parrish thinks it would be
unfair to pitting Bass against the local amateurs,
and has therefore decided to ride the horse
himself.Special offer of ladies' 14-karat gold
watches, guaranteed movements, only \$20,
at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and
Locust."Pa, what's a raconteur?" "Oh, that's a
fellow who never tells shady stories unless
he has a full-dress suit on."—Chicago Times-
Herald.

AT THE PLAY.

"A ROYAL ROGUE."

D'Angelis announces one matinee only, at the Century this week. Go to see him in "The Royal Rogue," and you will understand his reason for this. From his first sensational entrance through the panels of a door, accompanied by a flash of flame and a cloud of smoke, to the end of the piece he labors, and labors hard. He works to entertain his public until "perspiration bespangles his brow," and judging by the hilarity prevalent at the Century Sunday evening his labors were not in vain.

What made his task more difficult is the fact that Mr. Klein who wrote the lines he spoke, and Mr. Francis, who wrote the music he—ahem—sang, gave him little assistance, and with less effort on the part of the star the work of neither of these gentlemen would have inspired much enthusiasm. The libretto and the music have only negative virtues, but some of the lyrics written by Mr. Grant Stewart are quite clever. The music is not bad, nor is the book, though Mr. Francis' music needs a tonic to give it a little more color and vigor. It is weak, and even when it is most reminiscent it is so in an anæmic way. The ensemble number about dinner in act second had a pleasant swing and jangle, and was well done, and half a dozen other numbers are pretty and catchy, and the audience insisted on many repetitions.

The featured Miss Mackaye was often on view. In her way she deserves the prominence given her, though she is not particularly pretty, and has a voice of the most limited range. Still she is a clever soubrette with engaging ways, twinkling feet, and a rich wardrobe.

Another lady, though unfeatured, caught the public eye. It was the radiant Miss Bouvier, whose blond loveliness was accentuated by picturesque costumes. Miss Bouvier charmed by her beauty, grace, and tiny, but pleasant voice. Miss Hilda Hollins played *Madame Duclos* in her usual unobtrusive way. She is always to be relied on for good work, as are Charles Dungan and John Dudley, who are also in the cast. Henry Norman, well cast, with voice of undiminished size, helped D'Angelis and the authors to make the good-sized audience like the show.

"JANICE MEREDITH."

A play obviously bidding for cheap popularity. A play that bears on its face the stamp: "For the benefit of the box office."

Therefore the author and the adapter may felicitate themselves. Their efforts to make a paying attraction of "Janice Meredith" have been altogether successful. The Olympic is packed at every performance. The audiences are wild with enthusiasm. "Janice Meredith" is a play that seems in a fair way of duplicating the success of "The Christian." Thousands of people think it a great play, and pay their money for the privilege of verifying their opinion. Surely the box office can ask no more.

The critical few may object to the bald theatricalism of it, the absence of literary merit, the paucity of constructive art, the nebulous character drawing; its success with the non-critical many, however, is assured and it is the non-critical many who are most valuable to the box office. The play is a great "bluff." Even the people who applaud it and think it great feel that it is not "on the level." The name attracts

them, they go to see how the *Janice* that they have met between the covers of a book looks come to life, as it were. But here is where the "bluff" comes in. The *Janice* of the book is not the *Janice* of the play, the *Charles Fownes* of the book is not the *Charles Fownes* of the play.

The public, however, is not inclined to quarrel with the stage *Janice*, as she is a most winsome, innocent coquette, and sweet and womanly withal, altogether an improvement over the capricious Miss in the book.

The *Charles* of the story, though, is a better fellow than he of the play. In the play he is too manifestly the triple-plated hero and acts as though he knew it. His heroism is so persistently thrust into the centre of the stage that it threatens to obscure some of the remarkable achievements of the starring *Janice*.

The players engaged in depicting the *Janice* and *Charles* seen on the Olympic stage this week emphasize the adapters' idea of the characters. Miss Mannering, who gives herself no airs suggestive of heavenly bodies, played the part with a finished excellence which, though it evidenced the most careful preparation, still bore the flavor of the spontaneous. Miss Mannering has a personality so charming that it disarms criticism, and leaves one admiring even a certain vocal feebleness in dramatic moments.

Robert Drouet marred his work by staginess and his weakness for picturesque poses.

The stage settings were handsome and showed close attention to detail.

ANOTHER GIFFEN TRIUMPH.

The best stock productions in the country at popular prices are to be seen at the Imperial this season. The current bill, Henry Arthur Jones' strong play, "The Dancing Girl," is presented in a way that would do credit to the New York Lyceum Theatre. Manager Giffen is a wonder. Not only has he the pluck and energy necessary to make his weekly change of bill remarkable as a performance, but has also the artistic eye, the taste, and the experience to make it scenically a noteworthy production. The hall at Guisebury Castle with its great staircase, its unique hangings, bronzes, and all kinds of bric-a-brac, is an astonishingly fine scene, while scarcely less remarkable is "*Diana Valrose's* boudoir," and the "*Isle of Endellion*."

Miss Odell avails herself fully of the opportunities afforded by the part of *Drusilla Ives* and Ratcliffe Jennings, Miss Scott and Miss Douglas are well suited to their respective roles.

The Lounge.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

At the Olympic, commencing Monday, there will be a season of English comic opera with the petite diva, Alice Nielsen, as the star. Miss Nielsen's repertoire for the week will be as follows: Monday, Tuesday and Saturday evenings and at the matinee on Saturday afternoon, November 3, "The Singing Girl." Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, "The Fortune Teller." There will be no Wednesday matinee.

Ward and Vokes "in a second brilliant whirl of The Floor Walkers," as the announcements read is the attraction at the Century for the week commencing Sunday night, October 28. Ward and Vokes are at their best in this very amusing play and are assisted by a large number of talented people, including Lucy Daly, Mrs. M. Daly Vokes, Estelle Hughes Bird, George Sidney, Burt Haverly and John W. Early.

"The Butterflies" will be the play for next week at the Imperial. It is a society melodrama by the author of "A Gilded Fool," and in

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DRY GOODS COMPANY.

the East was one of the great successes of the season. That Manager R. L. Giffen's Stock Company has caught the theater-going public is proved by the excellent business done by the house since its season commenced, which shows no signs of diminishing.

"The Big City Sports" Company are billed to appear at the Standard next week, commencing Sunday matinee. Wherever this well-known combination has appeared, the artists have earned the plaudits of delighted audiences. The "City Sports" are well known to the patrons of the Standard and will be received with a house crowded from parquette to gallery. For the balance of the week the "Australian Burlesquers" will give two performances daily.

GREAT BRITAIN'S WARS.

The reign of Queen Victoria has been a reign of peace in so far as freedom from invasion of the British Isles is concerned; but some forty wars, aside from a number of less serious revolts, have been carried to a conclusion by her subjects since the Queen's coronation in 1837. A list of these wars is as follows: A war against Russia, 1854; three wars against Afghanistan, 1838, 1849, 1878; four wars against China, 1841, 1849, 1856, 1860; three Kafir wars, 1846, 1851, 1877; two wars against the Sikhs, 1845, 1848; three wars against Burmah, 1850, 1852, 1885; nine wars in India, 1857, 1860, 1863, 1864, 1868, 1879, 1890, 1897; three Ashanti wars, 1864, 1873, 1899; one war against Abyssinia, 1867; a war against Persia, 1852; a war against the Zulus, 1878; one war against the Basutos, 1879; one war in Egypt, 1862; three wars in the Soudan, 1894, 1896, 1899; a war in Zanzibar, 1890; a war against the Matabele, 1894; two wars against the Transvaal, 1881, 1899.

On the links: "You ought to be ashamed to swear so dreadfully at the caddy. He is the minister's little boy." "It's all right. His father believes in infant damnation."—*Life*.

Real gratitude: Tramp (to Chappie, who has given him a shilling)—"I 'ope as 'ow some day, sir, you may want a shillin' an' that I'll be able to give it to yer!"—*Punch*.

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Lady (engaging new housemaid): "Daphne? That is much too romantic a name, with young men in the house. I suppose you would not object to be called by your surname?"

Applicant: "Oh, no, ma'am; in fact, I'm quite used to it."

Lady: "What is your surname?"

Applicant: "Darling."—*Glasgow Evening*

Post.

MORE IRISH HUMORISMS.

Some good Irish stories appear in the October *Cornhill*, and a number of them concern preachers.

In one remote country village a minister was ever haunted by an awful fear of the havoc that might be wrought among his parishioners by German speculative theories, if they were not duly warned. "My britheren," he said on one occasion, "there are some German philosophers that say there is no Resurrection, and, me britheren, it would be better for thim German philosophers if, like Judas Iscariot, they had never been born."

Another discourse a preacher wound up with the comforting assurance that if his hearers paid due attention to the instruction they had just received from him they would "all return to our several homes like babes refreshed with new-made wine."

Absent-mindedness and a weakness for metaphor, the writer tells us, are no doubt responsible for much. To the former must be credited a discourse in which the reverend preacher alluded to "Goliath fighting on behalf of the Israelites, while King Solomon sat by moodily in his tent," and to the latter a striking simile, which deeply impressed the feminine portion of the congregation, who were told "the grave was the great wardrobe of the world, where we are folded up and put by, to be taken out new at the Resurrection."

But both of these are eclipsed by an eloquent speaker, who, in the course of an extempore address, had wandered into mediæval history. "And that haythen Soliman," he said, "whin he was lying dead upon the ground, sat up, and said to his friends, 'Behold, you now see the end of Soliman.'"

Any attempt to fathom the mind of a congregation is, in the writer's opinion, usually fraught with danger. A priest who had delivered what seemed to him a striking sermon was anxious to ascertain its effect on his flock. "Was the sermon to-day to y'r liking, Pat?" he inquired of one of them. "Throth y'r riverence, it was a grand sermon intirely," said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his reverence felt moved to investigate further. "Was there any one part of it more than another that seemed to take hold of ye?" he inquired. "Well, now, as ye are for axin' me, begorra, I'll tell ye. What tuk houlth of me most was y'r riverence's parseverance—the way ye wint over the same thing agin and agin and agin. Sich parseverance I niver did see in anny man, before nor since."

Have your old-fashioned marquise rings changed into the new and becoming princess rings at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Locust and Seventh.

BUSINESS NOT IDEAL FOR WOMAN.

The end and aim of business, generally speaking, is to pile up wealth. No man is counted as a success in business who simply maintains himself and family in comfort. He must have an immense surplus over his needs and extravagances before he "wins his spurs" in the business world, and is worshiped by the million who adore success. To enter heart and mind into any useful work is good for any woman. But that surely is not what is generally meant by "choosing a business career." "There are very few successful business women," began an editorial in a great paper recently; the writer could name but one conspicuous

"success" as an exception to the rule. As I think of her as she really is I am glad there are not many others. It is necessary for some women to enter business life, and when it is so there is no use of combating necessity. But as business now exists it is not "an ideal life for women," or for men, either.—Ada C. Sweet, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

THE CHINAMAN'S INFERENCE.

The Chinese in Australia would, as a rule, probably have something to say about outlanders' grievances. Still, in the eyes of the law, they are treated as the white man's equal, and the greatest severity is shown to those who ill-use them. This is exemplified by a case that was tried some time ago by a magistrate sitting in an up-country township near Brisbane. The accused, Scot by birth, was a prosperous hotel-keeper. In 1879 he had been one of a party of excursionists who had visited Hawarden and been privileged to witness Mr. Gladstone fell a lime-tree. He was fortunate enough to secure a good sized chip, which he afterwards treasured up as one of his most sacred possessions. When he emigrated to Queensland and became a flourishing inn-keeper the chip was kept on the mantelpiece of his sitting-room, and was regarded by him with much the same feelings as the Luck of Eden Hall is by the ancient family who own that fatal glass. One day, however, he sent a new Chinese servant into the room to light a fire. John, seeing the bit of wood, and knowing nothing of its associations, put it among the flames. It was blazing up when the master entered the apartment. First having pulled out the precious relic, and burnt himself badly, the Scot fell upon the Mongolian and beat him severely. For this he was summoned by the Chinese servant, and very heavily fined by the magistrate, who possibly had opinions of his own on politics. Now the precious relic, slightly charred, is kept in a glass case, while the Chinese servant will not easily be persuaded that the English do not worship idols of wood.—*Household Words*.

Wedding Invitations—Finest engraving, best material, correct in form. Mermod & Jaccard's, Society Stationers, Broadway and Locust.

TWIN INTRODUCES A SPEAKER.

Only once did Mark Twain appear in public as a political speaker, and that was in the Presidential campaign of 1880. While visiting in Elmira, N. Y., in the fall of that year, he made a short speech introducing to a Republican meeting General Hawley, of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks, Twain said: "General Hawley is a member of my church in Hartford, and the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' Maybe he will deny that, but I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen I respect him, as a personal friend of years I have the warmest regard for him, as a neighbor whose vegetable-garden adjoins mine, why—why I watch him. As the author of 'Beautiful Snow,' he has added a new pang to winter. He is a square, true man in honest politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. So broad, so bountiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty-handed from the door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a

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bottle of perfumery in a glue factory—it may moderate the stench, but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley!"

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Mother (at foot of kitchen stairs)—"Mina, is the major kissing you?" Mina—"Yes, mamma." "Well, tell him to do it in minor; four tea-cups have already fallen from the dresser.—*The Schoolmaster*.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

Bull enthusiasm is once more rampant in Wall street. Prices are rising rapidly, and transactions, as a natural consequence, are increasing every day. The improvement in the past week has been marked and surprising; it could especially be noticed in stocks that had been oversold and that are, at all times, under manipulative influence. For the first time in months, the public indulged in buying stocks again, and in listening to the siren-songs of stock-jobbers. Stocks which went begging four weeks ago were bought at top-prices, and without discrimination, simply because the delusion has gotten abroad that Republican triumph will be followed by another speculative mania and much higher prices for all kinds of securities. Few stopped to think before buying; the fact that stocks are now from 10 to 15 points above their level of a month ago was completely lost sight of. It is the same old story: Insiders are selling, and outsiders are buying. The persistently circulated rumors that leading operators in Wall street are buying stocks and predicting an old-fashioned bull campaign may be regarded as unadulterated rot. If speculative leaders are doing anything, they are selling; they are disposing of stocks which they bought, when nobody wanted them.

Even conceding the re-election of President McKinley, it is somewhat difficult to understand why it should be followed by a wild boom. As stated in the MIRROR last week, leading stocks are now from 40 to 60 points above the level of 1896 and 1897. Conditions are different from what they were four years ago. When McKinley was elected the first time, we were just emerging from a period of long and intense depression; money was plentiful, at least after the November elections; stocks were cheap, and a cycle of prosperity approaching. The last four years formed the natural reaction from the pessimistic state of affairs that lasted from 1893 to the latter part of 1896. At the present time, if all signs are not misleading, we are preparing for another downward swing, although it will not be as long in duration, or as strong in force, as was the last one. If, as some authorities claim, the re-election of McKinley will lead to a revival in industry, there will be a great demand for money, and, therefore, higher interest rates. Prevailing prices are discounting a vast amount of prospective improvement. Besides this, one must not forget that the results of the silly inflation are still with us and will be still more in evidence before a great while.

Intending buyers should be very careful in their selections. Purchases should be confined to the railroad list, to stocks that are still selling at attractive prices and that cannot be so readily manipulated. There are some non-dividend-paying shares that will undoubtedly sell at higher prices, and that will return something to shareholders within the next six or twelve months. These should have the preference. Among the high-priced shares, there are few that could be recommended as a purchase, although stocks like Rock Island, New York Central, Pennsylvania and Burlington may do to buy for a "long pull." So far as the industrial list is concerned, it would be foolish to buy anything at current prices. While many stocks of this kind are paying big dividends, it should be borne in mind that they may not earn anything a year hence. Their earning capacity, their in-

trinsic merit has not as yet been demonstrated. This applies particularly to shares of the many companies or trusts organized in 1898 and 1899.

The movements in traction stocks, in the last few days, reflected genuine manipulation and a driving in of unfortunate bears. Manhattan, which was recommended as a purchase in this column, some weeks ago, when it sold at 85, displayed unusual activity and touched 100, the highest price since last February. Brooklyn Rapid Transit sold at 58 and Metropolitan at 161. All these stocks have registered a sharp advance, and a decline cannot be far off. The short lines have been closed, and what buying there is at present prices seems to be confined to those who are commonly referred to as "suckers." The large interests have either sold, or will sell their holdings at any further rise in prices.

The steel issues regained some of their former popularity, and rose from 3 to 5 points. Strong features were Federal Steel common, American S. & W. common, Colorado Fuel & Iron common and National Steel shares. These stocks were bought on the somewhat far-fetched notion that golden times may be expected in the iron and steel industry after November the 6th. Rumors that the American Steel & Wire Co. intended to either cut or pass the dividend on the common stock received little or no attention. Trade reports, up to this writing, fail to show any signs of a decided improvement. Among other industrial stocks that scored sharp gains were National Tube preferred and common, American Car & Foundry preferred and common, Pressed Steel and American Smelting and Refining preferred and common.

The coal stocks, strange to say, were rather dormant and neglected, in spite of the prevalent belief that the anthracite strike is practically settled. The gyrations in Peoples Gas and Sugar certificates were wild and erratic. The former advanced to 95¼ on continued covering for bear account, while the latter responded to manipulation on the part of some prominent people who are trying to dispose of their holdings. Both stocks should be left alone by everybody, except those who have money "to burn."

The railroad list made substantial progress, and reflected heavy buying. Popular stocks were the Atchison, Missouri Pacific, Louisville & Nashville, Southern Ry., Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Pennsylvania and Norfolk & W. issues. The high-priced shares were, with few exceptions, rather heavy, although their friends intimated materially higher prices for them. Atchison common made a new high record by rising to 31½; the stock displayed more activity than the preferred. It is pretty safe to predict that it will make a better record from now on than the other class of stock. The bears in Northern Pacific common have a most uncomfortable time; they had to submit to a twisting process that was conducted in the most approved style. They will probably be more careful hereafter in taking liberties with a disreputable stock, after a drop of more than 13 points.

The reserves of the New York Associated Banks have been heavily reduced; they are now less than \$3,000,000 above legal requirements. It seems, however, that the worst has been seen, and that the imports of gold will bring about a decided improvement in the next two weeks. Some surprise has been expressed at the large decrease in the

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loan item in the last four weeks, the total decrease amounting to about \$40,000,000, while, at the same time, deposits fell off nearly \$50,000,000. But for these heavy reductions in loans and deposits, the surplus reserve would have been completely wiped out. To the surprise of Wall Street traders, there has been quite a little advance in

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1910	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St. L. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about.....\$ 18,856,277
Assessment.....\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	105 -107
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	99 -98
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	95 -99
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg	1923	107 -118
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	115 -116
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	113 -115
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric L. 2d 6s	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	90 -91
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -100 1/2
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	87 -90
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 -90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -88

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June, '00, 8 SA	200 -201
Boatmen's	100	June '00, 8 1/2 SA	183 -188
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	June '00, 8 1/2 SA	169 -171
Fourth National	100	May '00, 5 p.c. SA	205 -210
Franklin	100	June '00, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 2c SA	760 -800
International	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/4 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	July 00, 3 p.c. SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 5 SA	400 -600
Mechanics	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	200 -204
Merch.-Laclede	100	Sept. 1901, 1 1/4 qy	151 -153
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1900, 2 1/4 qy	240 -242
South Side	100	May 1900, 3 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 3 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 3	90 -100
State National	100	July 1900 1 1/4 qy	158 -162
Third National	100	Oct. 1900, 1 1/4 qy	146 -148

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	June '00, S.A.	3143 -147
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/4 qy	288 -290
St. Louis	100	Oct '00, 1 1/4 qy	220 -225
Union	100	Nov. '00, 8	225 -230
Mercantile	100	Oct '00 Mo 75c.	247 -250

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 101 -102
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 100 -101
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	M. & N.	1911 108 -109
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 1/2 -118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115 1/2 -117
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	1912 98 -100
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 100 -101
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1901 130 -150
St. Louis	Apr 00 1 1/4 SA	1910 100 -101
do 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1913 100 -102
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 75 -77 1/2
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 103 -103 1/2
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 -116
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1914 90 -92
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 106 -109
Southern 1st 6s	J. & D.	1909 109 -111
do 2d 25s 6s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
Mound City 10-20s 6s	Oct '00 1 1/4	69 -67
United Ry's Pfd.	4 p.c. 50s	83 1/2 -84
St. Louis Transit	J & J	19 -20

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	42 -43

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		11 -12
" Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/4 qy	53 -54
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2	17 -18
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/4 qy	63 -64
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	126 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900, 1/4 MO	125 -135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		257 -262
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	May 1900, 1 qy	85 -90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	45 -55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA	69 -70
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison com.	100		49 -61
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/4 qy	14 -16
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qy 1 1/4	180 -189
Simmons Hdq Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	115 -118
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1900, 3 1/4 SA	139 -141
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Sept. 1900	138 -141
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/4 qy	13 1/2 -14 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p.c.	67 -68 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99 3 p.c.	63 -64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 1	30 -34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 -3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/4 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	180 -181

WHITAKER & HODGMAN,
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ST. LOUIS.

money rates lately; call loan rates rose to 6 per cent., and this has induced a somewhat more conservative attitude in bull quarters.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Brokers report quite a perceptible improvement in the local bond and stock market. Investors are coming out of the woods, and are willing to put their funds into good securities again. The improvement seems to have been caused by the upward tendency in the New York market.

United Railways preferred stock has been very firm and fairly active, rising to 65 1/4, at which sales were made; the 4 per cent. bonds were dull, but steady at about 83. St. Louis Transit moved up about a point and is now 19 bid, 19.50 asked.

Bank stocks were neglected. Bank of Commerce is 239 bid; Boatmen's 183 50 bid, while 201 is asked for American Exchange. The selling pressure in Bank of Commerce stock appears to be over for the time being.

Laclede Gas common seemed to be the only exception to the improvement, as it fell to 68, and lacked support, judging by surface indications. Friends of the stock believe, however, that a sharp rise cannot be much longer deferred.

Business at the local banks is large. There is good demand for funds from country customers. Foreign exchange is a trifle lower again, Sterling being quoted at 4 84 3/8, Berlin at 95, and Paris at 5 17 1/2.

OLIVE-OIL FOR THE NERVES.

If you are neuralgic, anemic or nervous try the "oil cure," and see what it will do for you. However, purchase only the pure olive-oil, which may be bought in the bulk at from two dollars to three dollars a gallon, and that, considering its nutritive value, is one of the cheapest of foods. Take one teaspoonful three times a day as a "dose" if you are in a hurry for results. Or if you can physically afford the leisure to cultivate an oil taste, begin by putting a very little on some lettuce-leaves, or any salad combination of which you are fond, adding enough good vinegar to almost entirely disguise the taste. Gradually increase the oil, and lessen the vinegar until you grow fond of the oil, and really enjoy dipping your bread into it, as you surely will in time.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

THE MEDICINE HABIT.

George R. Sims, better known by his *nom de plume* Dagonet, has this to say upon the medicine habit in Great Britain in his journal, the *London Referee*: "We hear a good deal of the tobacco habit, but very little notice has been taken of a habit which is more common than either, viz., the medicine habit—which prevails to quite an alarming extent. It affects all classes, and when once it gets a victim in its clutches it never lets him go. There are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who take medicine of some sort every day of their lives. They do not, as a rule, trouble the doctors—they doctor themselves. They take pills and draughts, patent medicines, and old-fashioned remedies with as much regularity as they take their meals. The habit is not confined to the class that read the advertisements of wonderful cures, and take the various remedies one after the other, even when they have nothing the matter with them. Every chemist has upon his books well-to-do customers who have mixtures made up almost every day. A doctor is called in and gives a prescription, say for nervous depression or for dyspeptic trouble. That prescription will live for years. The entire family will try it one after the other, and get at last to take it about once a week as a mere matter of habit. The system having been saturated with medicine craves for medicine. The victims of the medicine habit would feel miserable if they were not dosing themselves. Some habitual medicine-takers, who have had a long illness and many prescriptions, will, when they get well, have the prescriptions made up again one after the other, and go through the whole series three or four times a year for the rest of their lives. There are families to whom the chemist sends in his book weekly just like the butcher or baker. Some of the customers are not content with one kind of medicine at a time. I know one man who frequently takes doses from four or five different bottles during the day, and who, when he goes out of town for a fortnight, takes his favorite mixture with him in quart bottles. He also has a packet of about fifty prescriptions in his portmanteau in case of accidents."

Might have been worse: "Too bad, old man, about your wife running away." "Oh, it might have been worse. I wonder that she did not take me along to look after her trunks."—*Indianapolis Press.*

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A DISTRESSING SITUATION.

As Von Blumer opened the door his wife tiptoed down stairs to meet him, and, after the customary kiss, said:

"Dear, the bishop has come."

"What bishop?" said Von Blumer.

"You know perfectly well. Bishop Lancaster. This is his regular visit to the diocese, and it happens to be my turn to invite him. At least, I insisted upon his coming."

On his way to the house that afternoon Von Blumer had stopped at the office of the brewery, and ordered two dozen bottles of beer to be delivered at once. At the grocer's he had ordered other materials more dry and less necessary to the hilarity of the evening. That noon it had suddenly occurred to him that it would be a pleasant thing to invite the four men with whom he had taken luncheon up to his house in the evening for a quiet game of cards. Von Blumer had been married four years and a half—just six months short of the allotted period when a man learns not to take any step without first consulting his wife.

"I didn't know anything about it," he said.

Mrs. Von Blumer eyed him petulantly.

"That's just like a man," she exclaimed, snappishly. "You never listen to what I say, you are so absorbed in your own affairs. I told you all about it a week ago—how I had written, and the bishop replied that he would be here this afternoon."

Von Blumer suppressed an inward shudder, and braced up. There was no way out of it, he knew, but to put on a bold front. Deception was impossible.

"I suppose," he said, "that at the present moment the bishop is occupying the best front bed-room."

"Yes."

"Then," said Von Blumer, "in a few moments he will have the pleasure of seeing a brewery wagon drive up and deliver two dozen bottles of beer. I hope he won't think it is in honor of his visit." He stopped her with a gesture, and quickly proceeded: "Now, my dear, I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I had forgotten all about the existence even of this bishop, and to-day invited some of the boys up for a quiet little game of cards. So far as I can see, the bishop will have to make the best of it."

There was a painful silence. The greatest tragedies of life usually take place in silence. Then Mrs. Von Blumer gave one of those inexpressible "Ohs" which indicate that a woman's nature has been stirred to its depths.

"How could you do it?" she said at last. "He is so strict. I don't see how we can keep it from him." It was natural that this should be her first thought. The same thing occurred to Eve.

"We can't and we won't," said Von Blumer, with a tragic wave of his hand. "I have invited a few friends to my home to play cards—yes, poker," and he raised his voice slightly, in spite of a horror-stricken look of warning on his wife's face—"and to drink beer, and I don't care who knows it. I didn't ask him here. He isn't my guest. Of course he is yours, and he shall receive all proper courtesy. You go to church regularly, and it is all right that you should have him. But there is no reason why I should pose as a hypocrite. In his line I presume he is an admirable man, but I don't consider that he is one whit better than I am. If I want to play cards and drink beer

in my own home I'm going to do it. I'm not ashamed of it." Von Blumer was aroused. He was only a plain, ordinary man, with small capacities outside of his regular duties.

The delivery-wagon drove up. The bishop was probably at that moment sitting in the window of his room on the second floor front.

"There!" said Mrs. Von Blumer. "He will see, and to-night he will hear them come in—and the noise, too. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Do!" exclaimed Von Blumer, sternly, as he cut the string on a box of perfectos he had brought with him. "Tell him the truth, of course."

The clock struck ten.

Von Blumer, excusing himself momentarily from his companions, went down stairs past the wide-open door of the bishop's empty room to the library, where his wife sat alone, reading. "My dear," he said, "do you suppose you could send some one out for another dozen bottles of beer?"

"You don't mean to say," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "that you want more beer?"

Von Blumer waved his hand apologetically above.

"Yes," he replied. "You know I hadn't counted on the bishop."—*Tom Masson, in Life.*

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PRESIDENT TOWNSEND.

To the numerous admirers of that most genial of railroad men, Harry C. Townsend, Esq., General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain systems, the compliment paid him last Wednesday in Buffalo will be welcome tidings. At the annual convention of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, Mr. Townsend was nominated for the office of president of the Association by Col. Wood, G. P. A. of the Pennsylvania Railroad, seconded by D. B. Martin, of the Baltimore and Ohio, and carried by acclamation. Mr. Townsend will make an ideal president, for he has all the qualities that are expected of an executive. He is among those of his own class "the hail fellow, well met!" one reads about while to all, whether railroad men or the traveling public, he is cordially esteemed for his unfailing courtesy and urbanity. To the general sentiment of approval the MIRROR adds an earnest "congratulumus."

AT THE ODEON.

The Sunday pops are running very successfully and crowded houses are the rule. For next Sunday there will be two new singers, Miss Marietta Bagley, contralto, and Mr. Edgar Gay Hill, tenor, both of whom are said to possess excellent voices. Mr. Paul Bergé, the New Orleans violin virtuoso, received a perfect ovation last Sunday.

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euchre prizes at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Building, Seventh and Locust streets.



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She who misses the kisses
As Miss without kiss
May miss being a Mrs.
And he who a-miss
Thinks both misses and kisses
Will miss Miss and kiss
And the kisses of Mrs.

—Puck.

THE DEAD SEA LINE.

The Dead Sea, which for thousands of years has been a forsaken solitude in the midst of a desert, is to have a line of motor boats in the future. Owing to the continued increase in traffic and the influx of tourists, a shorter route is to be found between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab, and a little steamer, already built at one of the Hamburg docks, is to be put on the Dead Sea. This steamer is said to be one hundred feet long and capable of carrying thirty-four passengers, together with freight of all kinds. The promoters of the new enterprise are inmates of a Greek cloister at Jerusalem. The management of the line is entirely in German hands. The trade of Kerak with the desert is to-day of considerable importance. It is the main town east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The merchants of Hebron are among the chief frequenters of the markets of Kerak.

FOOD PRESERVATIVES.

Cape Town seems determined to have undrugged food, and recently a dealer has been fined for selling milk containing formaldehyde. Mr. C. F. Juritz, public analyst for Cape Town, has rightly described formaldehyde as a strong disinfectant which impaired the nutritious value of food, making it less digestible. Its use minimized the necessity of cleanliness, and made it possible to sell old milk instead of new.—*British Food Journal.*

A clever turn: "What a pretty felt hat that is of Miss Flypp's." "Yes; that's her summer hat turned around with the back to the front."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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"Did he gain anything by his visit to the Paris Exposition?" "Yes; he says he gained a better appreciation of the Chicago World's Fair."—*Chicago Post.*

NEW BOOKS.

"Goops, and How to Be Them," by Gelett Burgess, is, as might be expected of this clever versifier, decidedly original. It is a volume of verse, with unique outline illustrations and decorations by the author, and purports to be a "Manual of Manners for Polite Infants." Some of the rhymes first appeared in the *St. Nicholas* and their success, no doubt, prompted the issuance of this series. One hardly knows which to admire most, the rhymes or the pictures, but in all probability, the little folks will take kindly to both. "Goops" is elegantly printed and bound. [Frederick A. Stokes Company, publishers, New York. Ph. Roeder, St. Louis. Price \$1.50.]

Vols. I. and II. of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," (Washington Irving) are the latest issues of Cassell's National Library, edited by Professor Henry Morley. The print is clear, the paper good and in all respects they are worthy of this admirable series of English classics. [Cassell & Company, publishers, New York. Price 10 cents.]

The success achieved by the authors of "David Harum," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and other first books has greatly encouraged the young aspirants for literary fame, and the result will doubtless be a mighty increase in the crop of novels by first hands. There never has been a time when the public was less prone to accept the verdict of the critics so, "With Malice Toward None," by Miss Olive Beatrice Muir, may catch the popular fancy even though it be a first novel. The heroine, *Lal*, which is a pet name for Laura, is a rather impossible character. We are told that "She sang in a way that has made people hunt for their bits of cambric (!) There wasn't a thing she couldn't cook. She was a born mimic—she wrote political articles—and they were printed, too—and, besides, she could converse in several foreign languages." "She had times of looking positively beautiful," * * * "But" (alas!) "more often she looked as if she had been drawn through a knot-hole." It will not surprise the reader to learn that though "really tall she always gave one the impression that she was *small*," or that "she was quick as a dart in everything, and at times when it was not necessary," or that "her general health was not good," because all these signs suggest being "drawn through a knot-hole." Her friend and biographer, *Peggy*, tells the story of her friend's life and, incidentally, her own. If *Lal* is really a sketch from life, as the warmth, not to say effusiveness, of her friend suggests, her career was, perhaps, the result of her feverishness of mind. How she took to the stage, how she met her sad fate, and the villain, *Yale Beresford*, together with other striking events in her life, related in very terse and graphic language, may be learned by readers of "With Malice Toward None." [Rand, McNally & Co., Publishers, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

There is a similarity between "The Head of a Hundred in the Colony of Virginia, 1622" by Maud Wilder Goodwin and Miss Johnson's story of the same period "To Have and To Hold." Those who liked the latter will be sure to appreciate Mrs. Goodwin's story and, as it was written in 1895, there can be no suspicion of plagiarism. Old friends such as *John Pory*, the light-hearted

secretary, *John Rolfe* and *George Thorp*, the reliable yeomen, are prominent characters in "The Head of a Hundred." *Elizabeth Romney*, who exiles herself from England to escape a distasteful union with the old nobleman selected by her father, is an ideal heroine. At James Town she meets her childhood's lover, *Humphrey Huntoon*, and their love, (after many trials and vicissitudes, of perils from the Indians, massacres, etc.) eventually is crowned with their union. There is not too much of "Lo, the poor Indian" in Mrs. Goodwin's story and no tiresome descriptions of colonial manners and customs. Indeed, "The Head of a Hundred" will be found a bright, readable book, the reader of the first chapter being sure to read all those that follow. The illustrations are unusually good. [Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price \$1.50.]

"With Hoops of Steel," by Florence Finch Kelly, is the ideal Wild West romance. The three principal characters who are grappled to each other as with hoops of steel are ranchmen, good shots, good riders, rough but honest. Their adventures, their fights in the field, in the courts and against the great cattle company make the gist of the story. Incidentally the loves of *Emerson* and *Marguerite* and eke of *Wellesley*, the thrilling adventure of the latter in the desert, and of the lost child, are full of interest which culminates in the hero's trial for murder. The story is illustrated with graphic full page colored plates by Dan Smith. [The Bowen-Merrill Company, Publishers, Philadelphia. Price \$1.50.]

If Arthur T. Quiller-Couch is not the chief of modern English story-tellers, he is certainly one of the greatest of them. Some of his admirers have compared him to Kipling, giving "Q" the preference for pathos, strength and simplicity, while others deem his style and mode of expression more akin to Stevenson. Perhaps this is an instance in which "comparisons are odious." Mr. Quiller-Couch is a master in the field of imagination and poetic force and excels in short stories. A collection of these under the odd title of "Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts" has just been published and the volume will afford those who do not know him well or not at all with excellent samples of his quality. In nearly every one there is a strong sea breeze such as blows off the coast of Cornwall and nearly all have to do with the men and women "who go down to the sea in ships." We have the author's word for it that "The Lady of the Ship" is very nearly historical and that "Prisoners of War" is actually true, also that "Frozen Margit" and "The Seventh Man" are founded on fact. These four yarns would make the reputation of a good writer, but there are a dozen others of equal interest. "A Pair of Hands" is an unique ghost story—perhaps one of the "Profitable Ghosts" of the title of the book, the other being one in the "Seventh Man"—and one wishes such ghosts were more in evidence. "Once Aboard the Lugger," is a love story such as it might be imagined must be true because the plot is so original. But there is in every story a weirdness, a "creepiness" that lovers of the romantic will appreciate while at the same time there is a realism and a consistency in them that insure the reader's interest to the end. ["Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts," A Book of Stories, by A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q")

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LITERARY NOTES.

A new Hungarian novelist has appeared, who is said to rank in his homeland second only to Maurus Jokai. His name, Kalman Mixzath, is an advertisement in itself.

Teachers who have read the advance sheets of Larned's History of England, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., report it to be a textbook of superior merit.

The elaborate "Universal History," in course of publication by the Bibliographische Institute at Leipzig, is to be published in English in eight volumes by Dodd, Mead & Company in America. The work is under the direction of Professor Helmholtz, and some of the first historians of the day are contributors.

A good idea of the various strange scenes to be found in the city of Bombay is given in "A Little American Girl in India," by Harriet A. Cheever, Little, Brown and Company, will publish the story.

The Macmillan Company have just issued Franz Wickhoff's Roman Art. Some of its

Principles and their application to early Christian Painting. Translated and edited by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, LL. D. The author has attempted an historical account of style in Roman art, both in painting and in sculpture, from about the period of Augustus to that of Constantine.

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TWO OF A KIND.

Scene—The interior of a hansom cab.

The Lady—This is a great lark! I always think a hansom is so delightfully improper.

The Man—It's jolly to get you off alone for a while. We see so little of each other in society! I'd like to chuck it all and steal you!

The Lady—What an idea!

The Man—Say for a little trip across.

The Lady—What fun it would seem! Quite like the old days.

The Man—Don't talk as if you were an old woman, Nellie. It jars me.

The Lady—But sometimes one feels oh, so old, Phil! When I think of the time when we were engaged—

The Man—Why, it was only five years ago!

The Lady—I thought you had forgotten.

The Man—Hush! don't talk like that. It makes me feel—

The Lady—If all that has happened could be blotted out—if we could go back—to the April days!

The Man—You sentimental little woman! Do you mean all that? We can't change things, you know—

The Lady—No. Then there is Jack!

The Man—Yes; of course.

The Lady—Why do we outlive our romance? It's all that keeps life rose color!

The Man—But life has its duties—its responsibilities—

The Lady—There is a certain consolation in knowing that one has tried, but it doesn't bring back the Springtime to be simply conscious of our rectitude—

The Man—Sometimes I wish—

The Lady—Don't—don't! I've always depended on you so and looked up to you. If you fail me—

The Man—But you are getting so blue and morbid! I wish I could take you away from it all!

The Lady—Do you recollect the place we used to drive to for dinner, with rose bushes all about the tables—?

The Man—And caterpillars in the cream—

The Lady—But we thought it fun!

The Man—The world was all in bloom then!

The Lady—Doubtless we shouldn't like the dinner now. We've outgrown it, I'm afraid.

The Man—Suppose we play we're back again in the olden times—

The Lady—And engaged!

The Man—And find the roses and the—

The Lady—Caterpillars?

The Man—And dinner.

The Lady—We'd surely be seen, and people—

The Man—What of it! It's our own affair—

The Lady—People would talk about us.

The Man—Ha! ha! ha!

The Lady—Then you forget Jack. It makes him furious to dine alone.

The Man—It will do him good for once.

The Lady—Oh! Oh! How can you?

The Man—Jack monopolizes you! Where do I come in?

The Lady—Don't talk that way, Phil, or—or I shall be sorry we met to-day!

The Man—It was a lucky chance!

The Lady—It wasn't a chance. I planned it.

The Man—You darling!

The Lady—Hush! The driver will hear you!

The Man—Why, one would think—

The Lady—But it looks so odd—

The Man—You see, it is you who have outgrown romance. How did you manage it to-day? Did Jack suspect?

The Lady—Not a bit. I'd never have been able to get away. He was asleep in the library—

The Man—Yes?

The Lady—I slipped on a coat and told the maid to say I had gone shopping. Then down town in a cable car—I guessed the place you lunched—and walked into the dining-room. What did you think when you saw me?

The Man—I thought something had happened—that he—

The Lady—I knew you would, so I smiled, just to let you know that everything was all right.

The Man—Then I thought, "By Jove! I'll have a chance for a word with Nell alone!" This round of teas and dinners make a fellow feel like a stranger—

The Lady—I knew it would surprise you.

The Man—I thought a drive would be a good idea. Aren't you glad you came?

The Lady—Surely! After all—

The Man—Yes?

The Lady—I suppose we are happy as most people—

The Man—In society? Yes. Will you come away with me?

The Lady—Oh, I couldn't leave Jack!

The Man—Jack will be perfectly—

The Lady—Wild when he wakes up and finds me gone!

The Man—We'll bring him back something. What does he like best?

The Lady—Peanuts, I think. Ha! ha! ha!

The Man—Ha! ha! ha! Queer little beggar he is!

The Lady—Don't talk of him like that, or I'll think you don't love him. Do you, Phil?

The Man—I respect him for his father's sake.

The Lady—Just think—four years old to-morrow! Doesn't it make you feel ancient?

The Man—Not just here and now. I feel like a kid. Let us hunt up the old dinner place—

The Lady—And forget Jack?

The Man—Forget everything—except—

The Lady—What?

The Man—That we are together—

The Lady—And married—

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BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

Oliver Cromwell, Theodore Roosevelt, \$1.60;
Tommy and Grisel, J. M. Barrie, \$1.20; Alice of
Old Vincennes, Maurice Thompson \$1.70; Light
of Scathby, Egerton Castle, \$1.20; Quisante,
Anthony Hope, \$1.20; Isle of Unrest, H. S. Mer-
rison, \$1.20; Wounds in the Rain, Stephen
Crane, \$1.20. A large assortment of gift books,
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Loaded down to the guards with New Dress Goods, the best values in America. They must move, and move quickly, if low, giving-away prices will do it. Your chance in a lifetime to buy yourself a handsome dress, waist or skirt for the lowest prices, quality considered, you have ever seen!!

25c—For 36-inch Silk Mixed Basket Weave Tartan Plaids, very desirable for children's wear; regular value 40c.

39c—For Yard-wide All-wool Melton Printing, in gray, castor, oxford and blue shades; made to sell for 50c.

49c—For 46-inch Imported Tweed and Homespun Suiting, in gray, blue and tan shades, the correct fabric for skirts, worth 75c.

59c—For 45-inch French Silk Mixed Pierola Cloth, two-color effects, one of the nobbiest skirt fabrics of the season; made to sell for \$1.00.

85c—For 42-inch French Poplin, extra-fine quality, 32 shades to select from, best value ever offered, a regular \$1.00 fabric.

No Stock in the city to compare with ours for variety and values in

Black Dress Goods.

36-inch all-wool French Nun's Storm and Cheviot Serges, 50c quality, at.....39c

36-inch Mohair Pierola, heavy raised effect, 75c quality, at.....45c

50-inch All-wool Camel's-hair Cheviot and Whipcord, \$1 00 quality, at.....69c

50-inch All-wool French Broadcloth, \$1.39 quality, at.....98c

44-inch Pierola Cloth, heavy raised effect, bought to sell at \$1.15; this week, for.....79c

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Flannels and Cloths.

Heavy White Shaker Flannel, worth 10c, special price this week.....7½c

Red Twill Medicated Flannel, worth 25c, special price.....20c

All-wool Shrunken Shirting, worth 30c, special price this week.....25c

36-inch White Wool Shaker, worth 50c, special price.....40c

54-inch Camel's Hair Repellent, in all the shades of grays and Oxfords, worth 75c, sale price this week.....50c

More Nuts for You and Better Ones!

THE MILLINERY

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Our Millinery, on the Second Floor, is a great center of interest. Hundreds of swell up-to-date Hats that have an air of individuality about them. We are adding new styles daily. Paris herself can not boast of showing handsomer Hats. Our prices—well—less than half elsewhere for poor Millinery.

Our Automobile Hats, awfully swell, at.....\$4.98 and \$5.98

Our Brighton, a swell London Hat, at.....\$4.48

Our New Velvet Turban, in all the new shades, at.....\$3.98

Ladies' Suit Department.

Second Floor.

Our Suit and Cloak Man is again abroad for the third time this season to buy up all the bargains in sight. Quantity no object so long as the price is right. He has the money to pay for them cash down! The ready money is the great motive power to put bargains our way.

We will have on sale 25 dozen Ladies' Flannelette Wrappers, in all sizes; a \$1.25 for.....59c

Ladies' Fine Black Cheviot Serge Dress Skirts, trimmed with three narrow folds of black satin all around the bottom of skirt, would be a bargain at \$8.50; Our special skirt flyer.....\$5.75

We have a large assortment of Ladies' Winter-weight Jackets, Kerseys, Beavers, Cheviots and Boucle, satin lined, colors, tan, castor, brown, blue and black; \$6.50 to \$9.50 Jackets, for.....\$3.98

Ladies' Velour Jackets, collar and front edged with Persian Lamb, a regular \$18.75 Jacket, for.....\$10 00

We are showing a fine Seal Plush Cape, 27 inches long, handsomely beaded and braided, edged with Thibet fur; a \$13.50 cape, for.....\$8 75

Children's Automobile Coats, colors tan, brown and blue, a \$7.50 coat, for.....\$5.00

Black and Colored Silks.

Note Windows—From the Latest Auction Sale of Silks.

37½c—Plaid Taffetas, Check Taffetas, Striped Taffetas, all at 37½c—the best values in America.

69c—Fancy Corded Taffetas, all new designs, regular 89c quality for 69c.

95c—Persian Stripe Silk, \$1 49 quality for 95c.

\$1.49—Colored Panné Velvets sold elsewhere for \$2 00, our Price this week.....\$1.49

\$1.49—48-inch Silk Wool Grenadine, evening shades, these goods sold in the best houses for \$3.75; our price this week will be \$1.49. Don't fail to see them.

89c—Black Silk Luxors, Black Silk Gros Grain, Black Silk Satin Duchesse, Black Silk Peau de Soie, Black Silk Armure, Black Silk Regence, Black Silk Faille Francaise; your choice for 89c. The regular price of these Silks was from \$1 29 to \$1 50.

The Great Headquarters for

KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' and Children's Knit Underwear. See our prices and be convinced that we give the best values for the least money.

Ladies' Fleece Lined Jersey Ribbed Vests, silk trimmed, pearl buttons, pants to match, worth 35c, special.....25c

Ladies' Imported Light Weight Sanitary Wool Vests, pants to match, regular price \$2.50, to close, each.....\$1 75

Ladies' Fast Black Wool Tights, closed and open, worth \$1.25, special.....\$1 00

Boys' Medicated Red All-Wool Drawers, size 24, 26, and 28, were 50c, special, per pair.....25c

Misses' and Children's Jersey Ribbed Wool Vests and Pants, Harvard Mill goods, gray and white, sizes a little broken, worth 65c, to close, each.....35c

HOSIERY.

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery. Big Inducements to be found here.

Ladies' Imported Fast Black Cotton Hose, extra high spliced heels and toes, double soles, regular price 35c; special, per pair.....25c

Ladies' Imported Fast Black Opera Length Cotton Hose, high spliced heels and toes, French feet, Hermsdorf black, 50c value; special per pair.....19c

Children's Fast Black Fleece Lined Ribbed Cotton Hose, full seamless, double knee, silk fleece, worth 20c; special.....15c

Boys' Extra Heavy Rough Rider Cotton Hose, fast black, full seamless, sizes 6 to 10½-inch, 35c value; special, per pair.....25c

Linen Department.

100 dozen Bleached Damask Napkins, a dozen.....50c

20 pieces 70-inch wide Cream Damask Table Linen, good heavy quality, a yard.....35c

200 dozen Honey-Comb Towels, good size; each.....3½c

150 Colored Spreads, hand-knotted fringe, for iron or brass beds, each.....89c

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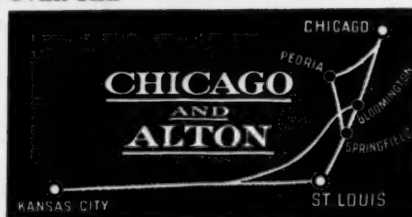
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